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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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RUDOLPH VON ERLACH.

In his hall the hero Rudolph
Sits in peace, his battles done :
O'er him hangs Burgundia's banner
In the fight of Laupen won.

All his vassals in the village
Hold their revel loud and long :
He will rest this eve untended,
Who should do him scathe or wrong ?

Musing there, he sees before him
Vanished days come back again ;
All life's effort, failure, triumph,
All the rapture, all the pain :

Feels once more the joy of battle
In his old veins surging free ;
Heads the charge, and grasps the standard,
Breaks Burgundia's chivalry.

As at Berne before the minster,
Wrought in bronze, we see him stand,
Stalwart knight and gallant war-horse,
Bulwark of his Fatherland.

Gentler thoughts succeed, — of Bertha,
Oh the bitter day she died !
And the fair-haired boy who perished
Hotly striking at his side.

Well he knows they wait to greet him
When death's barrier has been crossed ;
'Tis at least hath age, it brings us
Nearer to the loved and lost.

On him still the false-hearted Rudenz,
Wedded to his daughter fair :
"Dotard, all too long thou lingerest,
Thus I seal myself thine heir."

Seizing then the sword that flail-like
Rose and fell in Laupen's fight,
With one felon-thrust he slays him,
And leaps forth into the night.

"None to note the deed, or 'venge it ;
Who will guess his kinsman's hand ?
Mine at length is yon fair castle,
Mine the gold, and mine the land."

But the blood-hounds mark the death-cry,
Well that voice beloved they know,
Drag their chains, and all unbidden
On the murderer's traces go.

Rudenz hears, and, winged by terror,
Doffs his mantle, breasts the hill,
Turns to listen, and the clanking
Chains draw near and nearer still.

As when hunted by the Furies,
On Orestes' ear there fell,
Clamor of their iron scourges,
Baying of the dogs of hell.

Slow at morn returned the bloodhounds
To their murdered master's door,
Laid them down and slept contented,
Fangs and muzzles red with gore.

None knew where the chase had ended,
In what chasm Rudenz lay
Torn and mangled, for the raven
And the wolf a fitting prey :

While for Rudolph rose the death-prayer :
"Thou who didst our freedom win,
Sage in council, brave in battle,
Heaven assoil thee from all sin."
Spectator. H. T. R.

A MINIATURE.

YES, he was a seaman true,
With his coat of British blue,
And his buttons bright as gold ;
And he worshipped at the shrine
Of a great-great-aunt of mine,
As became a sailor bold.

And he pleaded not in vain,
For she gave him love again ;
And thought that through her life,
Her strength and stay should be
This hero of the sea,
Who wooed her for his wife.

But he — his grave is deep ;
The Baltic billows sweep
And surge above his breast ;
And she — when grey and old,
In quiet English mould
They laid her to her rest.

O yes, a simple tale
For you who love of frail
And faulty vows to sing ;
And it happened long ago,
But hearts were hearts, you know,
When George the Third was king.
Academy. M. G. W. P.

UNDER the porch ! —
Gleamed her white dress in shade
Through the half-opened door ;
Then came her little face
Nearer my own,
Under the porch.

Under the trees ! —
Shadow and sunlight played
Over the grassy floor,
Over the rosy face,
Close to my own,
Under the trees.

Under the stars ! —
Oh the wild love we made !
Oh the fond vows we swore !
Oh the pale tender face ! —
My own, my own !
Under the stars !

Academy. HORACE SMITH.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE, AND ITALY'S PLACE IN IT.

FOR eleven years Europe has not heard the clash of arms; nor, except in the Balkan peninsula, for eighteen. Yet her soldiers are counted by millions, and her charge for military and naval establishments by hundreds of millions. These establishments, which are huge, require to be contemplated in various lights; but, whatever point of the compass we select for our inspection, the view is a dismal one. In the United Kingdom alone of the great States do the enormous burdens, which these establishments require, fail to constitute an apology for so-called protective laws, which fetter industry, diminish wealth, and aggravate distress. In some, at least, of the six greater countries, the pressure upon the national finance in this time of peace is very heavy. In Germany, it is said to be so severely felt as to endanger the policy of peace. In Italy, it represents what might more properly accompany the extremities of an exhausting war. The growth of the huge mass of national debts is rapid and continuous. The existence of enormous armies stimulates the martial spirit, and creates in each country a military class thoroughly centralized and of increasing power. In this state of facts a "league of peace" is, indeed, a sweet-smelling savor, if it answer to its name. But that is the very question which it is needful to examine. For assuredly the military condition of Europe as a whole is not the outward sign of a settled tranquillity, but is rather the announcement of the strong and rather early likelihood of an agonizing war.

The European public may be said to know that the members of this league are Germany, Austria, and Italy; that its purposes are declared to be defensive; and that it expires, unless renewed, with the year 1890. Does this league altogether correspond with the character announced by its name? is its strength adequate to its purpose? is that purpose rational and just? and can the league itself be expected to endure?

The Holy Alliance, after the Treaty of Vienna, purported to be a league of peace.

It was in friendship, though in an expiring friendship, with England. The power of France was then reduced, and her self-confidence abashed. There was no possibility of a counter-combination able to look the alliance in the face. It was not a league of peace, for no one wanted, or indeed was able, to break the peace. It was not a league of defence, for there was no assailant. It was a league of offence, constructed in order to put down liberty by force, and to secure immunity for sovereigns who had given promises to their subjects that they did not mean to fulfil. Still there was nothing in the subsisting features of Europe which confuted its pretensions in regard to peace; for it fulfilled this essential condition, that it could hold the field, with its three at length victorious armies, against all comers.

There was another league of peace in the year 1853, and with a different history. The emperor Nicholas, lifted to a pinnacle of overweening self-confidence by his subjugation of Hungary, determined to anticipate the course of nature, and break up the Turkish Empire by that powerful instrument of internal interference which the Treaty of Uninardji was supposed to afford him. From whatever motives, the other four great powers of Europe entered into a league of peace against him. This, too, was a combination of overwhelming force, against which it was impossible that Russia should make head. But, before the day of action came, the king of Prussia, *relictâ non bene par-mulâ*, was frightened or cajoled into turning his back upon his allies; so that Austria did not venture to expose her ill-covered capital to the risks of a Russian invasion. Thus the combination, which had not unjustly claimed to represent the whole moral force, and in vast preponderance also the material force, of united Europe, dwindled in dimension. The difficult though successful war of the Crimea was a war between parties, and not the punishment awarded by a superior and competent authority to a rebellious power. But England and France made manifest from the first their military superiority. In population they jointly equalled Russia, in determination they were not inferior, in

wealth and resource they enormously surpassed her.

But, there being now six great powers of Europe, of whom three only are in the league of peace, it does not at first sight appear that this league altogether answers to its name, if we are right in assuming that a body which advertises itself as intending to keep the peace ought to be able, as well as desirous, so to do. It does not appear clear, as it did in 1815 and in 1853, either that it has a commanding weight of moral authority, or that no counter-alliance can be formed against it with a possibility of success.

Still there might be an amount of available strength adequate to overcoming resistance, though not sufficient to prevent its being attempted. Is that quite certain in the present instance? The combined power of Germany, Austria, and Italy is doubtless very great. But from this combination France and Russia (to say nothing of England) are excluded. And this, not on grounds merely arbitrary, but for serious cause. Even apart from the state of sentiment as between Russians and Germans, Austria and Russia have constituted themselves rivals in the Balkan peninsula, and neither seems disposed to what some simple persons might take to be a probable method of escape

from the difficulty — namely, leaving that peninsula to the free use and disposal of its own inhabitants. France and Germany have between them the quarrel of Alsace-Lorraine, latent indeed, but, as it may be feared, profound. As between France and Italy, there are causes of difference which may be factitious or inadequate, but which nevertheless appear to have been sufficiently operative in producing a state of mind from which war may readily arise. But these reasons for the exclusion of two powers from the league, if strong, seem to be hardly less strong for bringing about the union of those two powers between themselves. Were that union to take effect, it does not seem that the match would be a very unequal one.

Granting that the German army is at this moment the first army in Europe, it seems not an unreasonable opinion that the Russian and the French, or the French and the Russian, armies are the second and the third, and that Austria and, in the fifth place, Italy, have to take rank behind them. Suppose we attempt roughly to measure relative strength by the threefold test of (1) numerical amount of army "with the colors" and navy, (2) population, and (3) revenue, we obtain, on resort to popular sources of information, something like the following results:—

	Germany with Austria and Italy.	France and Russia.
Army and Navy	1,652,000	1,578,000
Population (Europe only) . . .	113,000,000	125,000,000
Revenue	£279,000,000	£237,000,000

There is nothing in these figures demonstrative of gross disparity, or of an incapacity on either side to wage, if so minded, a deliberate and determined struggle. Especially does this seem clear, when it is borne in mind that the proportion of her population which Italy keeps under arms is enormous, so much so that to this total of forces kept on foot she contributes rather more than a moiety; while the wealth of France is probably equal to that of any two among the other powers. It is a remarkable fact that during the war of 1870, while German porcelain, discharged from private houses, was to be had at prices denoting what we term forced sale, France did not send her end-

less works of art and articles of *virtù* across the Channel, but indeed continued to import at high prices precious stones from the East Indies. It seems, then, thus far, that the league of peace is not so much an aggregation of overmastering forces able to command obedience to its will, as (at first sight) a skilful consolidation of the material and moral strength of three of the great Continental powers against the other two, who might not impossibly be a match for them. There are further indications that the astute and masculine brain, which has formed and which directs this league of peace, is well aware that it is in truth not more nor less than a powerful league of preparation for

the possibilities of a deadly struggle. We hear of no league between France and Russia; nor, according to the ably written paper of M. Flourens,* have these States been uniformly careful, since the war of 1870, to avoid incidents of at least diplomatic disturbance in their mutual relations. They seem content to allow these relations to be moulded by the course of events, and neither the one nor the other has gone out of its way to seek the formation of special alliances. But on the other side the case is far otherwise. Although the three powers are manifestly beforehand with the two in their arrangements for the array of their gigantic armaments, yet they seem to feel that something more is wanted. In August of the present year the public journals have presented to us rumors that Spain was to join the league of peace. It may be questioned whether the fact would be one of cardinal or determining importance; but the inquiry may be spared, on the ground of the unlikelihood, not to say the absurdity, of the rumor. Spain has no interests as a principal; as a mercenary, even were she willing to be bought, there is no one able to buy her. Nor could her entrance, crowned by success, ensure her admission to the charmed circle of the great powers. Much more importance attaches to the notion, which finds currency from time to time, that there is a secret understanding between England and the league of peace. It is said that the vast maritime power of this country is to be employed for the purpose of preventing France from forcing Italy, by the use of her navy on the Italian coasts, to keep her army at home, instead of placing, as we are told she has bound herself to place, three hundred thousand men on the Alpine frontier of France at the opening of a war. It seems that in this manner, without moving so much as a corporal's guard, England might be worth three hundred thousand Italian soldiers to the Triple Alliance. Rumors, perhaps due to these apparent likelihoods, have attracted notice in Parliament. Questions have been put on more than one occasion in order to learn whether there was any treaty or any understanding between

Great Britain and the Triple Alliance which was to secure our co-operation by sea in the eventuality of war. The answers have been in the negative. The last, given by the representative of the Foreign Office in the House of Commons, is both recent and perfectly unequivocal. It is couched in the following terms, as reported in the *Times* of August 20, 1889. For the sake of clearness, we prefix the question put by Mr. Labouchere on the 19th ult.

ENGLAND AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

MR. LABOUCHERE asked the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether he had seen in the *Times* of that morning an extract from the *National Zeitung* stating: "It is believed in the best-informed circles that an understanding was arrived at at Osborne assuring an identity of policy between the Powers forming the Triple Alliance and England in European questions, and making provision for all the consequences of this policy." He would also ask the right honorable gentleman whether there was anything justifying "the best-informed circles" in entertaining this view.

SIR J. FERGUSSON. — The article in question is manifestly founded on pure conjecture. Its character is shown by the statement that the arrangements made with the Salisbury Government will be adhered to by their successors. (Laughter.) The reply that I gave to the honorable gentleman on the 19th ult. remains in force — namely, that the action of her Majesty's Government in the event of war breaking out will be decided, like all other questions of policy, by the circumstances of that particular time and the interests of this country. Her Majesty's Government have entered into no engagements fettering their liberty in that respect.

The declaration was followed by an admission that on the late visit of the German emperor to England, conversations on the future of Europe might or must have taken place. This *addendum* cannot be taken as qualifying the substance; to which we now refer only for a limited purpose. From the rumors which have been afloat we deem it to be evident that the Triple Alliance is aware, on the one hand, of its ability to make war and to contend for the mastery, with high hopes of attaining it; but, on the other, of its inability to command the continuance of peace, should

* *New Review*, No. 3, Art. I.

Russia and France join hands together for the determination of European problems as yet unsolved. The league of peace is, then, a solemn announcement, first, of the danger in which Europe stands; secondly, of the amount of force which will be arrayed on one of the two sides, in the event of war, should that war break out before the end of 1891; thirdly, of the anxiety of its heads to obtain additional strength, which is only to be had in a degree really available by the adhesion of England.

The general question is of such vast importance that no apology can be required for an attempt to arrive at a true and full appreciation of the positions of the several States; above all to ascertain whether the causes of danger are superficial and conventional, or substantial and even profound. And, in order to clear this question, it will be well first to draw the lines which appear to mark out the position of England, not according to the sense of this or that individual or group or party, but according to the dictates of her duty, honor, and interest, to which a great European war can never be wholly foreign.

It will hardly be contended that the British Empire has any such interest in Continental war as to warrant its engaging itself by anticipation to take a part in it simply as Continental war. It offers no immediate or probable prospect of danger to our shores, or to the queen's possessions. Should it entail injury to our commerce, that would not furnish us with a legitimate cause of war. Should it be likely to threaten the balance of power in Europe, we have to inquire a little what is the nature and extent of our concern with the balance of power. It is easy to understand that if any Continental State were now to acquire the amount and kind of predominance which Napoleon had attained before his expedition to Moscow, such a state of things might drag England into war. But such a state of things may be taken as impossible. It was one thing to conquer or annex Continental countries when many of the respective nations had little sense of interest in their institutions or their independence, and when, consequently, war was an affair between government and government; and quite another to carry forward a similar enterprise when a spirit of nationality has been widely developed, and when, over a large part of Europe, the people are conscious that they themselves have largely to do with the making of the laws and institutions under which they live. Nor is it at all self-evident in whose interest or to

whose detriment the balance of power would be injured by a proximate war, if at all. Those among us who speak most and loudest for maintaining the balance of power, commonly mean not its impartial maintenance, but its maintenance against France. Yet it seems as likely that the change would be to the prejudice of France as of Germany. There is not in truth the remotest shadow of an argument which, as matters now stand, would be likely to induce the British nation to enter into any engagement beforehand, however guarded by conditions, to take part at the outset of the apprehended European war, lest the balance of power should suffer harm.

There is indeed another source of danger, which is perhaps less remote, and which makes a more legitimate appeal to British feeling than the possible tyranny of some one of the great powers over the rest. It is something more than possible to conceive a corrupt arrangement between two or more of them to accommodate their differences by the spoliation or absorption of smaller powers. Without inquiring what might happen in the Balkan peninsula, it is very difficult to forget the famous Benedetti memorandum, which was distinctly aimed at the national existence of Belgium. There were indeed disputes as to the origin of that memorandum. It is, however, beyond dispute that it drew forth no repudiation, but slumbered quietly in its proper drawer until the moment arrived for using it as a telling weapon against Napoleon III. The best and purest part of the foreign policy of this country is that which has been directed to upholding the independence of the secondary powers. It is among the virtues of England to cherish a ready indignation against the oppression of the weak; and a just cause for the intervention of England in the next great European struggle is perhaps as likely to proceed from this quarter as from any other. But this is a case to be considered only when it makes its approach.

It seems, then, to be imperative upon this country to preserve intact and entire its liberty of action, its power and right to adapt its conduct to events. And the question arises whether, in this regard, we may now lay our heads upon our pillows with a sense of perfect security? The answer may possibly be found to lie between yes and no. Let us explain.

In making his declaration on the 19th of August, in the name of Lord Salisbury and the present administration, Sir James Fergusson used language which presents

to us more than a single aspect. He stated that in the event of a war the action of the government would be directed "by the circumstances of the particular time and the interests of this country." Nothing had been done to fetter their liberty in that respect. But he also sought to discredit the value of an article in a German newspaper, by pointing out that the article could have no authority, as it stated or implied "that the arrangements made with the Salisbury government will be adhered to by their successors." Now the article was effectually extinguished by the affirmative statement that the under-secretary was empowered and was about to make. Why, then, this surplussage of confutation? And why a confutation imprudently referring to a possible difference between the Salisbury government and its unknown successors? Through this little rift in the ministerial reply we seem to obtain a glimpse of what may be the true state of the case, and to be in a condition at once to account for the reassuring statement, and for the repeated resuscitations of the disquieting rumors that covenants existed which secured the intervention of England.

Notwithstanding the nauseating recollections associated with the Salisbury-Schouvaloff agreement (which, strange as it may seem, has never been laid before Parliament), we hold ourselves bound to accept, and we do accept without qualification, the declaration recently made, that there is no treaty, compact, or understanding between England on one side, and the Triple Alliance, or any of its members, on the other, which will bind a British government as such to depart from neutrality in the event of a Continental war. But how, then, to account for the tenacious vitality of the disturbing rumors, which could hardly have obtained so much of currency without a foundation of some kind? Well, let us suppose that the very brilliant statesman, who for the first time unites the functions of foreign secretary and prime minister, should have held to the Triple Alliance, or some of its representatives, language to this effect: That the government cannot foresee the circumstances under which war may arise; that they cannot predetermine the action of Great Britain in circumstances not yet foreseen; that they must, therefore, leave it entirely free; but that a treaty or understanding between States is one thing, while the opinion of a minister — or even a Cabinet — may be another. That in the opinion of Lord Salisbury and, as he be-

lieves, of his colleagues, if France were to make a war of revenge, or any war for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, it would be an unjust war, and a war so dangerous (possibly with some reference to our free use of the Mediterranean) that it would be the duty of this country to keep Italy safe by sea against any French attack threatening her in consequence of her having become a party to the alliance. We cannot but conceive it possible that in some such strain of conversation as this may lie the reconciliation between the official statements, and the unaccredited but yet persistent and obtrusive rumors. And this is no far-fetched supposition. For the announcement of the government that there is no covenant is confined to a dry announcement of a fact. There has been no repudiation, no disavowal of the principle of committing this country, without the assent or knowledge of Parliament or of the people, to direct participation in a Continental war of the nature which is so widely apprehended.

But though we may thus present conditionally the desired reconciliation, there are other difficulties from which we do not escape. Such an assurance as has been sketched is in the nature of a favor to Germany, an injury to France. Political favors are readily forgotten, but the memory of injuries is tenaciously retained. Further, may it not be said that to administer comfort of this kind to the Triple Alliance, and then to assure Parliament that the discretion of this country remains absolutely free, would be, in the homely phrase, sailing rather near the wind? For supposing the case to occur while the present Cabinet is in office, it is at least evident that its members would not be absolutely free. And as we know, from the mouth of the prime minister, that they will not resign office unless compelled by a vote of want of confidence from the House of Commons, does it not appear that on the outbreak of the war they might at once, to maintain their honor, be caught within its vortex, and fastened down to their task, like slaves chained to the oar? In such a case, what value would attach to the assurance that no treaty or understanding subsists between Great Britain and the members of the Triple Alliance?

There are other objections to the course supposed to have been taken, of which two may here be named. In the first place, if any such declarations have been made, they ought not to remain a secret. We have a right to know what our government, which is padlocked upon us by

peculiar circumstances, would do in such an emergency. Germany, Austria, and Italy have combined in the face of day to act in a certain manner. If the gentlemen who now form the British Cabinet are personally bound, should they be in office, to share that action, they ought to be thus bound in the face of day, and ought not to skulk in the rear of the alliance, carrying a dark lantern for their guidance. Publicity is in most Continental States something of an exotic. But here, it is not only the growth of our soil, it is the breath of our nostrils.

Again: nothing in our view can be more preposterous than to suppose that England, having gone thus far, could plant her foot and refuse to go farther. Apart from all other questions, who can doubt that before such a war as is supposed had lasted for a couple of years, perhaps before the expiration of a twelvemonth, two at the very least of the threefold, or rather fourfold, alliance would thunder at our doors as applicants for pecuniary subsidies? And we should then have only the choice between the total breakdown of our policy, and, on the other hand, becoming again entangled in the least effectual, the least honorable, and the most odious of all the modes of carrying on war.

The prospect we have presented is not a cheering one. Participation in this league of peace means, be it observed, war with half Europe, including our nearest neighbor; that nearest neighbor being the power with which, during the last sixty years, we have had much more of close alliance than with any other Continental State. It would be well if some extension could be given to the bland explanations of Sir James Fergusson. Failing, however, such comfort, we place some reliance on the evident desire of the Continental powers to postpone the settlement of the terrible account. We rely more largely on the evident march of opinion on domestic questions in this country which may, before the outbreak of a war, have secured to the nation a broader and deeper interpretation of the assurance vouchsafed by Lord Salisbury than Lord Salisbury himself may ever have dreamt of. But further: once, or more than once, during the sway of Lord Beaconsfield, we have seen war averted by the vigorous action of opinion outside and against the Cabinet, and we deem it highly probable that the preventive process might, on a future occasion, be not less prompt, not less efficacious.

So much for the attitude and duty of England. Now let us make the round of the five powers; let us assume the two to be in mutual understanding, while the three are in formal alliance. And let us put to each of them in succession, with due deference and respect, the time-honored question, *que fais tu dans cette galère?*

Some among them will undoubtedly have a ready answer, supported by so much at least of reasoning as even parties in a controversy require each on his own side; not demonstration that he is right, but indications that he may be right, and may not unnaturally assume the right to be on his side. Such is the case certainly with Germany, perhaps also with France, in the face of the problem presented to them by the territory, now called a Reichsland, of Alsace-Lorraine.

An irreconcilable politician is commonly a personage easy enough to deal with. But an irreconcilable people is not; and smaller masses as well as greater are apt to have an opinion on the great question with whom they shall unite. It is indeed impossible to fix by definitions the action of centripetal and centrifugal forces in political societies. Their balances are determined by experience, which, stronger than decrees or speculations, has aggregated Germany, France, and Italy into wholes, but has severed Belgium from Holland, Holstein from Denmark, in accordance, as it would seem, with natural laws. In an intermediate class of cases, the secret of harmony is found to lie in local self-rule, combined with some form of imperial control or influence, practically found sufficient to secure common action in common matters. Such are the cases of Austria with Hungary, Russia with Finland, Denmark with Iceland, Sweden with Norway. There remain the instances where the problem has not yet been solved. Poles and Irishmen await its solution, and a painful friction marks the interval of their suspense. Into which of these classes is Alsace-Lorraine ultimately to fall? Before 1870 it was more French than the average of France. Since 1870 it has been subjected to the full power of the German Empire, exercised for its transformation. Will Germany succeed, as France succeeded after her conquest of these territories, in establishing an union of affection with them? If she does, she will have complete moral as well as legal right on her side against the reorganized army of France, against her unforgotten traditions, and against her

sorely wounded pride. But what if she should fail in this great and capital purpose, and should ultimately find herself to be holding them only by the hand of force?

It would be much to expect of Germany that she should regard this failure, when proved, as at once cancelling her moral title. She may urge that she did not assail them, or the France of which they were a part; that in a just war, which she was compelled to prosecute to extremities, she fairly conquered them; that her conquest was ratified by treaty; that it has not disturbed the European equilibrium. She may go farther, and may question whether they have a voice in the matter. She may say, a people may exercise an authoritative choice, but they are not a people. They are not even an unity. Alsace is not Lorraine, nor Lorraine, Alsace. Neither the two jointly, nor each of them singly, have a strong historical tradition of their own, or have suffered a solution of any continuity except that of an union with France, which, though harmonious, had not acquired anything like a venerable antiquity. Can these fractional assemblages of human beings claim the supreme right of self-disposal? Is not such a right limited by nature and usage to communities having a certain magnitude, and having such marked features of their own, as to stamp them with the character of political units entitled to independent action?

Germany has a full right to assert that she did not either covet, or prosecute with levity or precipitancy, the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine. There is or was published in London a little-known German newspaper, which on the eve of the war in July, 1870, exhibited one of the usual placards of its contents, among which there were set forth in conspicuous characters the words: *Sollen wir Elsass, oder sollen wir rücksicht nehmen?* Shall we take Alsace, or shall we take counsel? Nor was it the fault of Germany that this sagacious warning remained without effect. The war forced upon her by France, and upon France by infatuation in high places, took its course. It is believed that to the last Prince Bismarck was averse to exacting the cession of Lorraine, and that he was overborne by military influences. It is a fact, known to have been stated on unimpeachable authority, that at the period when he held his famous interview with Jules Favre, at Ferrières, he promised peace to France on the condition of ceding only Strasburg with its *banlieue*. Had that magnanimous offer been accepted, it

is probable that we should have been spared all immediate occasion of conflict between Germany and France, for there would have been no European question depending on the fate of Alsace-Lorraine.

There is such a question at this moment. Those whom it concerns show a prudent and laudable desire to postpone the issue, but they constantly betray their consciousness of its existence. And it is a moderate assertion to say that according to the established codes of national action, Germany not only will defend, but has a strong presumptive title to defend, her possession of the annexed Reichsland of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany, then, has an easy answer as to the legitimacy of her place in the Triple Alliance. The question how far that moral title can be impaired in the course of time by the common sentiment of the provinces, is one hardly to be solved by the arguments of mere critics from a distance. But there is an aspect of the case which fairly comes within our cognizance. France, historically aware of the identity of feeling between the inhabitants of the conquered provinces and the rest of her population before 1870, cannot be expected to do otherwise than believe in its persistency. No one seems able to predict with adequate grounds the result, or no-result, of the process which the Germans from their vantage ground of authority are resolutely pressing forward. The measure for the enforcement of passports, to which the young emperor clings with such tenacity, does not look like success. We cannot exclude the supposition that they possibly may fail. If the process be ineffectual, if the population of Alsace and Lorraine stretch out the hand of persistent supplication, and implore the ejected mother again to take them to her bosom, can she or will she refuse? Or can she so frame her ideas and policy from this time onwards, as to shut out this contingency for all time from the eventualities which stand on the line of her political horizon? If she cannot, then she, too, has potentially a place in the *galère*, in any combination which may be formed to resist the Triple Alliance.

Nor is it difficult to see that strong, and from their respective points of view, sufficient motives may tend to keep Austria in alliance with Germany, and to draw Russia into co-operation with France. Louis Napoleon projected alterations in the political map of Europe, which restricted Austria on her German and westward side, and gave her compensation in the East.

And Lord Salisbury has hailed as good tidings for mankind the scheme which would bring Austrian power nearer to Constantinople, though he must know that many Austrians, perhaps the most and wisest, regard with aversion a policy which, by the reinforcement of the Slavonic element, would disturb the delicate and critical balance of races and nationalities in that curiously constructed empire. The supposed or real necessities of 1878 gave her at Berlin an extension of responsibility and power in that direction, by investing her with the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. To this she seems gratuitously to have added a sort of sponsorship for the government of Servia, which, as has long been known to the instructed, and has now become palpable to the world through glaring facts, has been extremely unpalatable to the Serbians. On the other hand, Russia, unless greatly belied, has exhibited with less disguise her policy of intervention in Bulgarian concerns. The splendid service which she rendered to that people in 1877 was calculated to ensure to her an immense moral influence, had she been content to rely on it. This is not the place to examine the particulars of her conduct. But it is the place to observe that both of these great empires appear to regard the Balkan peninsula as intended by Providence, not for independent enjoyment by its own inhabitants, but for the eventual aggrandizement of one of these powers, and for a field of present rivalry between the two.

Whatever may be the merits of the contest between them, the overweight of Russia in the possession of advantages for waging it is immense. She has some sort and degree of hold upon the good-will of the populations, through the remembrance of previous services. Austria has none. Russia would appear in the real or assumed character of a liberator. Austria could not. Of the two empires hers is at once the more powerful and the more compact. The southern Slavs are undoubted lovers of freedom, and have shown excellent capacity for using it. In this respect the institutions of Austria are, in a degree, nearer to their standard than the absolutism of Russia. But can these institutions be said to have made themselves at any juncture favorably felt in the foreign policy of Austria, and, if not, can this incidental trait form an appreciable weight in the scale? Another most serious drawback to Austrian influence with the Balkan populations is that marked hos-

tility to everything Slavonic outside her own borders, which secured for Turkey the strong sympathies of the Magyars throughout the last great struggle. In the great particular of race, Austria has a very large Slavonic minority among her people, but nowhere and in nothing does their influence prevail against rival forces; while Russia is a genuinely and intensely Slavonic power. In the still greater particular of religion, though the spirit of the southern Churches may not be identical with that which governs the Church and State system of the north, and the *cultus* carried down from czar to czar, yet the oneness of creed, of tradition, and substantially of rite, would of itself turn the scale against Austria, which is essentially a Roman or Romish power, and which seems unable to dissociate its political predominance in Bosnia and Herzegovina from the spirit and the processes of a veiled proselytism.

There is another motive, more felt than spoken of, which deeply touches Russian action in the Levant. Two powers may be said to share between them the coasts of the Euxine: Turkey and Russia. It is hardly conceivable that Russia, however destitute she may be of lawful title to the possession of Constantinople, should permanently acquiesce in that manufactured contrivance which, under the name of European law, imprisons her ships of war in the Black Sea, and absolutely denies them the only access which nature has furnished for them through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

If this rivalry in the Balkan peninsula undeniably exist, it constitutes an ample account of the motives which led Austria to seek to strengthen herself, by association with her more robust northern sister, against a military superiority to which are added on the side of her competitor so many elements of advantage. So far we may regret, but we cannot wonder at, the divisions of Continental Europe in its greater States.

But when we turn to the remaining name of Italy the case is reversed. For the four other powers we find abounding circumstances, which, as they may severally hold, throw them into certain combinations or antagonisms. But none of these have the smallest application to Italy. Every maxim of policy, every suggestion of common sense, and the dictates of a necessity nothing less than trumpet-tongued, forbid to Italy all intermixture in Cisalpine antipathies or conflicts. It

is best to be plain on these occasions. We will therefore not scruple to say that the appearance of Italy in the Triple Alliance is no better than a gigantic piece of political tomfoolery, which is so strange as to be grotesque, and which would even be comic if it were not ruinous. But there she is, and the fact of her presence is perhaps the most signal illustration ever yet afforded, in the political sphere, of the proverbial remark that fact is stranger than fiction.

When, by the greatest master-stroke of the last half-century, the illustrious Cavour sent fifteen thousand men to the Crimea, and thus secured for his country, at almost no cost or risk, a contingent place among the great powers of Europe, a result was achieved which was nothing less than stupendous with reference to the means employed. Never was there such a case of good brick-making without straw. Then, if ever, approached and arrived the time when Italian statesmen, in all politics beyond their own borders, should have taken for their motto "Rest and be thankful." Italy had to complete, through alliances astonishingly fortunate, the work of her own integration. Could she not rest content with successes which were of an astounding magnitude, and which were principally due not to herself, but to others? If she goes on to assume responsibilities that are not hers, and to court dangers that need never threaten her, for purposes which can only be those of selfish and thoughtless aggrandizement, her conduct is no wiser than that of some youngster at Monte Carlo, whose early winnings, by drawing him on to greater and yet greater risks, become the efficient cause of his final ruin.

By the provisions of nature, Italy was marked out for a conservative force in Europe. As England is cut off by the Channel, so is Italy by the mountains from the Continental mass. There are even those who think that the Alps form the more effective demarcation of the two. If England, however, commits follies, they are the follies of a strong man who can afford to waste a portion of his resources without greatly affecting the sum total. She has paid off (a poor affair) two hundred millions of debt since the peace of 1815. Were she (which God forbid) again to raise her debt through war, say even from seven hundred millions to two thousand, she would still stand immeasurably better than she did at that epoch. She has a huge free margin, on which she might scrawl a long list of follies and even

crimes, without damaging the letter-press. But where and what is the free margin in the case of Italy, a country which has contrived in less than a quarter of a century of peace, from the date of her restored independence, to treble (or something near it) the taxation of her people, to raise the charge of her debt to a point higher than that of England, and to arrive within one or two short paces of national bankruptcy?

The Italian people are as full of virtues as they are of charm. But Italian politics are not wholly without defects; and among these was noticeable, before Cavour put his strong hand to the helm, a tendency to the theatrical, which has reappeared of late years in enlarged dimensions. It is a fine thing, be it admitted, when politics are theatrically dealt with, to have upon paper an army of eight hundred thousand men; to see unsurpassed iron men-of-war afloat in the Italian harbors, at from eight hundred thousand to a million sterling each; to have Italy, which for so many ages knew nothing of Germany except from contact with her iron heel, landed in the German press; to find the excellent King Humbert fêted (but not for his excellence) and bepraised; and when Signor Crispi, travelling in his suite, has an interview with Prince Bismarck, to hear of the minutes or the hours during which "the two statesmen" were closeted together. But these are the arms of copper, which Italy receives in exchange for her arms of gold; and it requires no closeting to learn that the inclusion of Italy in any Cisalpine alliance, for or against France, or Germany, or anybody else, is a one-sided bargain, the triumph of the stronger over the weaker mind, and the harbinger of downfall or woe.

All this, however, undoubtedly implies that Italy has no enemy on this side the Alps. By joining the alliance she has taken a step which implies, on the contrary, that, in the judgment of her recent governments, she has one enemy, and that that enemy is France. Sad as the avowal may be, it must be confessed that two nations may conceivably go to war as dog and cat go to war, with no greater cause, and with rather less title to respect. Nor is it easy to deny that in the surface-opinion of one or both countries there is plenty of animosity afloat, the scum is thick upon the face of the cauldron. There is not the least reason to believe that the independent mind, or that the popular masses, of either nation, share these got-up or official enmities. Traditional hatred between

them there is none; for if the historic record of France towards Italy be not absolutely clear, at least it will bear favorable comparison with that of Austria, and of Germany, through its relations with Austria, prior to 1866. Italy sins against policy, and sins also against justice, if she moulds her policy into hostile forms towards any European State on the ground of events which happened when her own governments were the friends of the stranger, and used him for their evil purposes. Plainly she ought to recollect the great service rendered her in 1866 by Germany, and the yet greater service she received from France in 1859; a service still greater than that of 1866, because he that breaks the first link of the captive's chains makes the most effectual contribution towards his complete and final freedom.

It may have been, and probably it was, a paltry measure on the part of Napoleon III. to exact from Italy a payment towards the liquidation of the charges incurred in the short war, best known in connection with the names of Magenta and Solferino. Savoy, indeed, could under no circumstances have been moved in freedom and harmony with a great Italian kingdom, but the exacted cession of Nice was a measure condemned by the liberal sentiment of Europe. These, however, are simply limited deductions from a debt of gratitude, which would otherwise have been immeasurable. They do not cancel the obligation itself, and they impart an evil taint to any course of action which proves that it has already been forgotten.

But the shining service of 1859, blazoned on the page of history, is not the only reason which makes the accession of Italy to the Triple Alliance a matter of mingled grief and marvel to those Englishmen who felt strong and early sympathy with her upward and onward movement, and rejoiced in that happy spirit of co-operation between Italy and their own country, which is reasonably believed to have produced important and beneficial results at certain junctures of European policy. It is with an earnestness proportioned to the strength of their interest in Italy that they deprecate and denounce what seems to them, upon anxious consideration, a course of suicidal action. It is suicidal when it happens to be directed against France, but it would not have been a whit less irrational if it had Austria or Germany for its mark. Animosity, growing into hostility, without cause both just and of adequate magnitude, is a great sin. There is no such cause as between France and

Italy. Sometimes we are told that France behaved ill to Italy in Tunis; but Italy never would have set up political pretensions there, were it not for the prevalence of that theatrical spirit which seems to have been the evil genius of some among her more recent statesmen. Sometimes it is complained that a section of French opinion is against her in the vital question of the temporal power. But that section is the very same which is in deadly hostility to the French republic, and which ought to be counteracted by frankly cultivating the liberal sympathies of the French nation at large. Who can say that German or Austrian opinion will ultimately afford a firmer support to Italy in the papal controversy, than the opinion of France?

It must not, however, be forgotten that the duty of Italy to avoid intermeddling in Cisalpine conflicts is dictated not more by political honor and consistency, than by the strictest and sternest laws of self-preservation. Italy is an united country, and she derives her title to national existence wholly and absolutely from the doctrines of popular will. She cannot honorably undertake engagements which might bind her to aid in suppressing anywhere popular will by military force. Should it happen that Alsace-Lorraine is found to remain incurably French in sentiment, that France, listening to her appeal, should at some future time enter into a struggle, which, *ex hypothesi*, would be a war of liberation; and that Italy was found to act as a member of a military partnership for the purpose of stifling local freedom, even in an area so limited; then, whatever might be said of Germany and Austria, there would be recorded against Italy one of the gravest, one of the most shocking scandals in history. It is not, indeed, the object of these pages to incriminate the conduct of any power, but equity seems to require the remark, since Italy is a liberal and popular State, that France has promoted the cause, or even fought the battle, of liberty on more than one occasion. She has promoted the emancipation of Greece, of Belgium, and of Spain, the self-government of the Lebanon, the union of the Danubian principalities; and some of us may now be sorry that she was prevented, in 1840, from advancing and elevating the status of Egypt. It would be difficult to draw up any similar record on behalf of the principal members of the Triple Alliance. If such is the state of the case on the side of honor, feeling, and consistency, what aspect does it present when we ex-

amine it on grounds of rational calculation? Has she reason to suppose that France cherishes the evil intention of making war upon her? Or rather is it not plain, and beyond dispute, that France is in a condition, wealthy indeed and strong, and perhaps well equipped, but one in which she cannot afford to waste one jot or tittle of her resources? Now there is no mark of waste so gross and fatuous as to turn gratuitously into enemies those who might be friends. To ascribe to France in her present position hostile designs against Italy is to impute to her the extreme of wickedness combined with the extreme of folly. No doubt there may be found cases where such extremes have been combined; but rational calculation takes for its materials the usual forms of human motive, and the average of conduct, and not those exceptional and prodigious cases which may occur, as frolics of nature, once in a generation or a century.

And what are the internal conditions under which Italian statesmen are contemplating an enterprise, from which Don Quixote would have shrunk in dismay? They may be set forth intelligibly in very few words. First of all, it seems plain that a nation's infancy is not suited to the efforts which demand full maturity of strength. Italy is old in the civilization of her people, but young in political experience. The gristle has not yet hardened into bone. The noblest charger must needs break down, if he have to begin his campaigning as a colt. But there is unhappily the yet more commanding consideration that financial excesses have already brought about a premature decrepitude. In peace Italy already totters under a taxation truly afflictive. She has to lament the prevalence among her people of grinding though not universal distress. The inexorable figures of her public accounts demonstrate that all the resources, commonly husbanded for the extreme contingencies of war, have been already dissipated amidst the serenity of perfect peace. The neglect and apathy of the older governments, now happily displaced, left Italy under special and urgent necessities of internal development, which are in direct competition with the devouring demands of her military and naval establishments; that is to say, of her eccentric, and perhaps unexampled, foreign policy. And the power that has calmly embraced this policy, which may be called one of dementation, is the very power, and the only power, that carries folded in her own bosom a foe sufficiently formidable to

make even such lessons of prudence, as might be optional for others, imperative upon her. Every enemy of Italy will know that she has to reckon a part of her population, doubtless a minor, but possibly a considerable and somewhat powerful part, who are the pope's men first, and the king's men afterwards; and that he can negotiate with a great personage seated in the Vatican, who has the disposal of the hearts, and at the critical time perhaps also of the hands, of what may prove to be a respectable fraction of Italians.

Surely the statesmen who, in a state of things whereof the aggregate is almost intolerable (and is worse each day than it was the day before), can employ themselves in creating dangers absolutely gratuitous, must be adepts such as the world has rarely seen in the art of shutting their eyes.

It may be said that, if this be a true picture of the case, then, in introducing the Italian people into the European concert, there has only been created a new obstacle to peace, instead of that fresh guarantee of stable equilibrium which impartial observers, forming their estimate from the great character and policy of Cavour, had desired and hoped for the erection of Italy into a great power. But there is no warrant for saying that the policy of the more recent governments had received its inspiration from the nation. The theory of self-government is a gain for mankind, but it is a long way, "a far cry," from the theory to the perfect practice. Even in this country, what multitudes of people give their votes according to the pressure not of what is greatest, but of what is nearest; just as, if your child has the scarlet fever, you are more impressed than by the news that five hundred people have been drowned by a flood in China.

A sleepless vigilance, an incessant activity, a large command and free expenditure of time, constitute the conditions which alone could enable the mass of a people to restrain all sectional forces and all partial tendencies, and to determine from point to point the fashion in which its own public interests are to be handled. This aggregate of silent influences upon the State is usually lodged in persons who have wealth, or station, or culture. All of these imply command of leisure, and the power to make appropriations of time such as the multitude cannot from the pressure of their daily necessities afford. In contradistinction to the people, we may call these persons of influence the select.

Having leisure, and, as a rule, not being pressed by daily toil or care for their subsistence, they have a free margin of time available for the constant supervision of political affairs, which, it must be observed, have in themselves great attractions for men of leisure and of easy circumstances. The nation, then, is divided into these two parts: the first, inferior in force when directly pitted against the other; the second superior in force, but requiring to be roused and drawn away from standing, and more or less imperative, avocations, in order to bring its force to bear. On the few occasions when the facts are palpable and salient, motive is proximate and urgent, and the atmosphere well warmed, the people, being awakened, will have their own way. But as to that large proportion of affairs which is either unimportant, or without salient and telling interest, or recondite, or with issues hidden from view, down to the present day all these affairs, which constitute the vast majority, have in all European countries been mainly in the hands and under the management of the leisured classes. And all this manifestly applies in a particular degree to what are regarded departmentally as foreign affairs, of which not one but all are of necessity remote from the eye, and which are for the most part only apprehended by a nation when remedies for error are too late, and procrastination is followed, and its evil results often aggravated, by precipitancy.

It is difficult, with the imperfect means we possess, to say positively that the Italian government does not in this grave matter represent the people. Yet the signs, as far as they go, suggest that conclusion. Within no long period, unless we are mistaken, university students (who are the warmest of patriots) have made vigorous demonstrations in this sense. The voice of what may be termed the literary portion of the press has sounded in many quarters to the same effect. For example, in this very month, an emphatic denunciation of the policy has proceeded from the Marchese Alfieri di Sostegno.* No manifestation of individual opinion in that country could possibly carry greater weight than the "Pensieri" of Iacini, † one of the few Italians still surviving who have received the lessons of experience in all the stages of the great revolution of the peninsula, and who are qualified to point the moral that they teach.

* LIVING AGE, No. 2362, p. 3: Italy Drifting.

† Pensieri sulla politica Italiana. Firenze: Civelli. 1889.

How different might and should have been the prospects of Italy! Her people have imbibed the sentiments of nationality with a rapidity and a thoroughness beyond the highest expectations of their friends. Self-government at many points on the surface of the country vindicates itself, in despite of the enormous taxation, by material and by social developments. All the hazards of a tremendous transition have been faced, with a complete success. The king and the queen reign in the hearts as well as over the bodies of their subjects. It would be very difficult for either the pope or the clergy (many of whom are believed to be Liberal) to make out a case of practical grievance under the existing system. The party of reaction never can be formidable to a country which has no enemies, and no serious ground of quarrel with any State or nation in the world, unless she herself chooses spontaneously to sow the dragon's teeth from which the hostile army are to spring. Italy by nature stands in alliance neither with anarchy nor with Cæsarism, but with the cause and the advocates of rational liberty and progress throughout Europe. Never had a nation greater advantages from soil and climate, from the talents and dispositions of the people; never was there a more smiling prospect (if we may fall back upon the graceful fiction) from the Alpine tops, even down to the Sicilian promontories, than that which for the moment has been darkly blurred. It is the heart's desire of those who are not indeed her teachers but her friends, that she may rouse herself to dispel once and forever the evil dream of what is not so much ambition as affectation, may acknowledge the true conditions under which she lives, and it perhaps may not be yet too late for her to disappoint the malevolent hopes of the foes of freedom, and to fulfil every bright and glowing prediction which its votaries have ever uttered on her behalf.

OUTIDANOS.

From Longman's Magazine.

MRS. FENTON: A SKETCH.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BREFFIT (having previously made an appointment by means of an interchange of post-cards) called at Fred's rooms one evening after office hours in order to report upon the lady as to whose existence he had so often professed him-

self sceptical. That she existed he could no longer doubt; nor, for that matter, did he appear to regret the circumstance quite as much as a consistent man should have done.

"The fact is," said he, "that your cousin is simply charming. I don't know exactly what there is about her; but there is something that is irresistible; you'll say so yourself when you have seen her. It isn't only that she is pretty, nor that she is a thorough lady all over —"

Fred interrupted this eulogium by a laugh. "What a rage my poor old uncle would have been in," he remarked, "if he had heard you say that. Just imagine the audacity of calling his daughter a lady. As if she could possibly be anything else."

"Well, she might have deteriorated, you know; girls who marry music-masters and run away to distant colonies are not so very unlikely to deteriorate. But she hasn't. Indeed, she has improved, according to the master of All Saints, whom she went to see the other day, and who has written me an enthusiastic letter about her. He says she has gained immensely in appearance and manners, but that she doesn't strike him as having gained much in the way of experience, and he is terribly afraid lest she should fall among evil-doers. By which, I take it, he means that he is afraid of her making another foolish marriage. Such a catastrophe is on the cards, no doubt, though a burnt child dreads the fire, and I rather suspect that Mrs. Fenton burnt her fingers in her first venture. Anyhow, her friends must try to protect her from adventurers."

"It is pretty clear that she has made one staunch friend already," Fred observed.

Mr. Breffit looked a little shamefaced. "I can't help it," said he; "I'm just as sorry for you as ever I was, my dear fellow, and I feel that it is very bad luck for you; still it isn't the poor thing's fault that she is the dean's daughter or that he remembered that he had a daughter before he died. And then, as I tell you, she is irresistible. Even that dry old stick Sir James Le Breton thawed before she had been talking five minutes to him. He says she has the look of her mother, which I dare say is true; she certainly hasn't much the look of her father. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do, Fred; I want you to go round to Albemarle Street and call upon her. I know you well enough to know that you don't bear malice; but she doesn't know you yet, and she is very

much distressed in her mind about you. She says she can't get over the feeling that she has robbed you."

Assuredly Fred bore no malice; and even if he had, propriety would have compelled him to pay his respects to his cousin. Moreover, he was really anxious to see her. So, as it was only a little after six o'clock when Mr. Breffit left him, he walked over to Albemarle Street forthwith and was glad to hear that Mrs. Fenton was at home.

She was busily engaged in writing letters when he was announced; but the moment that she heard his name she started up and walked quickly across the room to meet him, holding out her hand. "Oh, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, "how very kind of you to come! All today I have been trying to screw up my courage to write you a note; but I couldn't get it as far as the sticking-point, and the note hasn't been written yet."

"What were you going to say in it?" asked Fred, smiling.

"Ah, that was just the trouble; I couldn't make up my mind what to say, and now I am very glad of it, because talking is so much easier than writing."

She pushed a chair forward for him, and he seated himself and gazed at her, and was quite as much impressed by her beauty as Mr. Breffit had expected him to be. Nevertheless, he, for his part, did not find talking particularly easy. He could not begin by alluding to the subject which was necessarily uppermost in the thoughts of both of them; so he asked her whether she had had a prosperous voyage, and whether she did not notice a good many changes in London, and so forth. But she did not even take the trouble to reply to these well-meant commonplaces, which she interrupted without ceremony after she had made a somewhat prolonged scrutiny of the young man.

"Tell me," said she suddenly, "do you think me a horrid wretch?"

"Of course I don't," he answered, laughing; "why on earth should I?"

She sighed. "Well, all I know is that I should be ready to murder anybody who cropped up from the southern hemisphere to pick my pocket of nearly a quarter of a million of money. But perhaps you are not vindictive. You don't look so."

"I don't think I am, and besides —"

"Oh, yes, I know. Wills can't be set aside, and the testator's only child has a natural right, *et cetera*. I have heard all that from Mr. Breffit. Still the fact remains that if I had put an end to myself

out there in Australia, as I have more than once been tempted to do, you would be a rich man to-day."

"What made you think of putting an end to yourself?" asked Fred, more impressed by this incidental admission than by the feeling of compunction to which she laid claim.

"Perhaps I will tell you some day, if we ever become friends. Is it at all possible for us to become friends?"

"I hope so," answered the young man. "At all events, we are relations."

"Yes, but I am not sure that that is any great help towards friendship. Say what you will about it, you can't help feeling that I have supplanted you, and you can't like being supplanted; no human being ever did since the world began."

"I think it's all quite right," said Fred; "but even if it were not, you have had nothing to do with it. My uncle left his money as he thought fit."

"I dare say men don't look at these things in the same way as women do. You are supposed to have an inborn or acquired sense of justice which we haven't, I believe. I should like very much to be your friend, Fred. May I call you Fred?"

"What else should you call me?"

"That's understood, then; you are to be Fred henceforth, and I will be Laura, if you please. I was going to say that I have very few friends in the world, and none at all in England—and I like the look of you. Do you like the look of me as far as you have got?"

"Very much indeed," Fred replied.

"Well, there wasn't much use in asking the question, because you couldn't make any other answer. At least we can try to be friends, and if we don't succeed it can't be helped. How shall we begin? Are you doing anything particular to-night?"

And, on hearing that Fred had no engagement, she resumed: "Then why shouldn't we go and dine somewhere together? There are restaurants in London nowadays where one can get what men call a good dinner, are there not? Personally I don't know a good dinner from a bad one."

Fred mentioned a restaurant in the neighborhood which had a high reputation, and added that he should feel greatly honored if she would accept his hospitality at that establishment; but to do this she would not consent.

"You may order the dinner if you like," said she; "but if you want to make me happy you will let me pay for it. It can't

be any novelty or luxury to you to pay for things, but it's both to me, and I want to avail myself of every opportunity of indulging in it before it palls."

So it was agreed that Fred should give instructions for the preparation of this banquet on his way home to dress, and that he should call for his cousin at eight o'clock. He had not quite made up his mind about her when he went away, nor was he sure that he liked the look of her as much as he had professed to do. She was very pretty and very unconventional; but, like the majority of young Englishmen, he had no great fancy for unconventional ladies, and it seemed to him that some of her speeches had been marked by a certain lack of good taste. As she herself had said, there wasn't much use in asking questions to which only one answer could be returned.

But this slight inclination to take up a critical attitude was dispelled before he had been sitting a quarter of an hour opposite to her at the little round table in the restaurant. She was not in the least fast, or vulgar, or anxious to achieve small effects, he decided; she was simply a child of nature. She disguised none of her impressions or sentiments, least of all the almost infantine delight which she derived from having plenty of money to spend; she said whatever chanced to come into her head; and some of the things that came into her head were rather quaint and made him laugh. She entered into conversation with the waiter, who was a German, asking him why he had left his native land, whether he would have to go home in case of war, and whether he didn't think it would be a much better plan to get himself naturalized as a British subject at once. And when he became red and resentful, as Germans are apt to do when questioned, she said, in a soothing tone, "Oh, well, never mind! It doesn't really matter what you are, you know, so long as you perform your duties and don't upset the melted butter." Whereupon she slipped something into his hand which, from the man's face of amazement, Fred shrewdly suspected must have been at least half a sovereign.

She devoted a good deal of her attention to the other occupants of the crowded room, and wanted to be told who they were and to what class of society they belonged. "You don't know!" she exclaimed rather impatiently. "But why don't you know?—you live here. Before I had been a month in London I should be able to place every one of them for you.

Look at that prim little grizzle-headed man with the fat wife. If we were in Australia I should put him down as a government official. What is he in England, I wonder? Not a member of Parliament? He isn't happy; he doesn't like dining in public; it is his wife who has made him come here. She is greatly interested in us, and can't make us out at all. She has put up her glasses to try to discover whether I have a wedding ring; because she thinks you can't be my husband, or you wouldn't be so civil to me. Now I am going to make her thoroughly uncomfortable."

Mrs. Fenton, as she said this, fixed her eyes upon the lady in question with a look of distressed commiseration, which speedily produced the desired effect upon the latter, who began to fidget about in her chair uneasily and to cast furtive glances over her shoulder.

"What have you done to the poor woman?" asked Fred. "Have you mesmerized her?"

"No; but she thinks there is something dreadfully wrong with her back, and of course she can't see it. Now she is asking her husband. He says, 'Oh, bother! it's all right;' and she says he might at least have taken the trouble to look before making so sure of that. They will come to high words presently. No; they are going away. He says it is time to be off; and he has got a pair of opera-glasses, so I suppose they are going to the theatre. I wish we were going to the theatre! Is it too late?"

Fred was afraid it was.

"Well, perhaps we might go some other evening. What are we to do now? Of course you want to smoke. Couldn't we go and sit in the Park? It is such a beautiful warm evening."

Fred shook his head.

"I don't think that would quite do," he answered, smiling.

"Then you had better come home with me. Would that do? Or would the hotel people think it odd that I should ask a young man to smoke in my sitting-room?"

"Oh, I'm your cousin, you know."

"Yes; I might tell them so if they looked scandalized; only isn't that what the cook says when she is discovered giving supper to the policeman? Never mind; we'll chance it."

So Fred returned to Albemarle Street with her willingly enough, for indeed he found her a very amusing companion. No sooner, however, had they reached their destination than she ceased all of a sudden

to be amusing, and became silent and depressed. When he knew her better he found that these abrupt transitions from gaiety to gravity were natural to her, and that they as often as not occurred without any discernible cause. This time, perhaps, there was a cause, in the shape of a careless question which he had put to her on their way about her life at Sydney. "Oh, don't speak of that!" she had exclaimed. But now she began to speak about it of her own accord.

"You want to hear something of my history," she said in a changed voice and one which sounded to him like that of an older woman. "It is quite natural that you should want to hear it, and I should have had to tell you some day, though it isn't a subject that I like to dwell upon. My husband drank himself to death; that says everything, doesn't it? He might have made money if he had been more persevering, for he was an excellent teacher and a very good theoretical musician; but for a long time things went badly with us, and so he lost heart and took to drinking. For some years we were at Wellington, in New Zealand, and then he thought there might be more of an opening in New South Wales, so we went to Sydney. But it was the same story over again there. People heard of his habits and wouldn't employ him; and he was not a good-tempered man. His pupils complained of his roughness and rudeness, and so he soon lost the few that he had ever had. If I hadn't been able to give lessons myself we shouldn't have had enough to eat. I worked all day and every day, and when I went home in the evening he used to — Well, he is dead now; we needn't say any more about that."

Fred gazed at her pityingly, and his heart was moved with indignation against the deceased Fenton. One does not like to hear of any woman being made a slave of and ill-treated by a drunken husband; but of course the thought of such brutality is a little more painful as associated with some women than with others. "Were you — were you fond of him?" he ventured to ask at length.

"Not latterly; he made that quite impossible. I suppose I must once have been fond of him — in a way; but I am not sure about it. Probably you can't at all enter into the feelings of a girl who is naturally high-spirited, but has always been contemptuously suppressed — a girl who has no friends and scarcely any associates, except servants — a girl who is forever vacillating between an exaggerated

idea of her own talents and gifts, and so forth, and a self-distrust which makes her resent casual compliments as a sort of insult. As far as I can remember, that is the kind of girl that I was, and I was naturally delighted to find that there was one person in the world who really cared for me and believed in me. Most likely Mr. Fenton believed that my voice would be the means of bringing him a fortune even if my parentage didn't. He was bitterly disappointed in my voice, and he didn't live long enough to share my inheritance. Well, all that is over and done with, and I am not going to pretend that I regret being a widow. The one thing which I do regret with all my heart is that I have been made rich at your expense."

"You mustn't regret that any more," said Fred; "I assure you I don't regret it. We couldn't both of us have my uncle's money, and it would have been far more unjust to disinherit you than me. After all, I believe it is rather an advantage than otherwise to a man to be obliged to work."

"Ah, that is what the master of All Saints says; but perhaps both you and he only say it to console me."

She really did look rather disconsolate at the moment; but Fred did his best to comfort her, and after a time she returned the favor by comforting him; for she induced him to tell her all about his prospects and ambitions and aspirations, and she was so kindly and sympathetic that before he went away she had heard the whole story of his attachment to Susie Moore.

"It seems to me that you have been a great deal too diffident," she remarked. "How is the girl to know that you care for her unless you tell her so? If she is worth anything she won't mind waiting a year or two, and if she isn't—why, you will be well rid of her."

"Yes," answered Fred dubiously; "that sounds like common sense; but then, you see, it isn't as though she had only her own inclinations to consult. She has a father and a step-mother."

"Oh, bother her father and stepmother! Let her snap her fingers at them."

"I don't think she would do that."

"Well, if she is so poor-spirited—but of course I can't judge of her without having seen her. Perhaps you may be able to find some opportunity of introducing me to the young lady. I know I shan't like her, though."

"Why not?" inquired Fred, with raised eyebrows.

Mrs. Fenton laughed. "For a very humiliating reason," she replied. "I am horribly jealous; I always have been, and I can't help it. I have taken a great fancy to you—which I dare say you will think rather precipitate of me; but I can't help that either. I like people very much, or dislike them very much; it's my nature. Well, you know, no wife can endure a woman who likes her husband very much; and so when you marry, we shall cease to be friends; that's why I wish Miss Susie Moore was—in heaven. All the same, I won't try to poison her if we ever meet, and what's more, I'll give you an honest opinion about her. I am a good deal more capable of forming one than you are; so that it may be worth something to you."

CHAPTER VIII.

FRED MUSGRAVE was a young man whose affections were easily won. He was by nature something of an optimist; he was not particularly fastidious; he had broad sympathies and entertained a favorable opinion of the human race as a whole. When people were kind to him he did not—as most of us, unhappily, so soon learn to do—ask himself what motive they had for being kind, but took it for granted that they liked him for his own sake (which, to be sure, was generally the truth), and felt this to be an excellent reason for liking them in return. His cousin, therefore, obtained without difficulty the friendship which she had declared that she coveted. Fred called every morning to inquire whether he could be of any use to her, and her reply always was that he could sit down and talk to her, if he wasn't in a hurry.

"You must go away the moment that you are tired of me," she would add; "we should lose all the advantage of being first cousins unless we could dispense with ceremony."

However, he was seldom in any hurry to go away, and it was generally she who had to dismiss him at length; for she had a good many engagements of one kind and another. The letters which she had brought with her from Sydney had borne immediate fruit, and much civility had been shown her by those to whom they were addressed.

"You can't think," she said, "what a funny sensation it is to be spoken to as an equal after one has been either patronized or trampled under foot all one's days. Sometimes I have to pinch myself to make sure that there is no mistake about it, and that I am not the victim of a wildly

improbable dream. These great ladies — I suppose Lady Clamborough must be a great lady? She is a viscountess and she lives in Belgrave Square; that makes her a great lady, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," answered Fred. "Yes; I dare say it does."

"Anyhow you must allow me the satisfaction of calling her great, because she is certainly the biggest person on my little list. I was going to say that these ladies really behave as though I were one of themselves."

"Well, so you are. You are as good as any of them by birth, I imagine."

She made a gesture of dissent. "I shall never be able to feel that. I have been crawling about in a lower sphere for too long. Still, as I am a pretty good mimic, I dare say that with a little more practice I shall be able to pass muster as one of them. This is Lady Clamborough."

She rose and crossed the room with short, tripping steps, screwing up her eyes and murmuring "Who is it? Oh, Mrs. Fenton — how do you do, Mrs. Fenton? I couldn't make out who you were. I am so wretchedly short-sighted, and I can't think what the deuce I've done with my eyeglasses."

"Does Lady Clamborough say 'what the deuce'?" asked Fred, laughing.

"She said it twice yesterday. There were several gentlemen in the room, and she was careful to inform them that she had eaten an apricot tart at luncheon and had a horrible pain in her stomach in consequence. She is fond of plain language, as I notice that they all are. Why, I haven't quite made out yet, but I fancy it must be to mark the difference which exists between them and the middle classes, who are always afraid of being vulgar. Viscountesses of course can't be vulgar, so they may say what they please."

One morning she announced to him with some pride, that she was a social success. "There's no doubt about it; I have met with acceptance. Last night I dined at Lady Clamborough's, and met the best of good company. After dinner I was begged to sing. At first I thought of declining, because, you see, the days are past when I used to be invited to Government House in acknowledgment of the fact that I had a voice, and when it would have been almost dishonest of me to refuse to raise it. But I said to myself, 'Don't you be too uppish, my dear. After all, what are you, with your paltry eight or nine thousand a year, among these high magnificences? You must amuse them, or they won't take

any more notice of you.' So I gave them a song or two, and I must say that a more easily pleased audience I have never been blessed with. When I had finished, they literally rushed at me in a compact mass, and fought over me. I am now going to dine with every one of them."

"You must have a wonderful voice," said Fred.

"It would be natural to suppose so, but in reality I am scarcely a third-rate performer. The voice — what there is of it — is good, and as an amateur I dare say I could hold my own with any other lady in London; but that isn't saying much. My voice has never brought me any money worth speaking of, and so I have always felt more ashamed than proud of it; but now I begin to see that it may be of use as a passport to the society of the great."

"Do you think the society of the great such an immense boon?"

She made a slight grimace. "Perhaps not exactly that; still I like it. It is altogether new to me, you see, and it gives me a kind of pleasure that I can't quite describe, to shake hands with duchesses. Is that very snobbish, I wonder? Anyhow," she added, after a moment of consideration, "I don't care whether my friends have coronets or not, and you are my only real friend, Fred."

He was very willing to be so described, and when he next met Mr. Breffit, he spoke of his cousin with a warmth of appreciation which delighted that benevolent schemer. There are people who object to the marriage of first cousins, and bring forward reasons for their objection which sound plausible; but is it possible to imagine any project or arrangement against which no objection can be urged? In this imperfect world the best we can do is to weigh the *pros* against the *cons*, and the weight of 200,000% must be admitted to be very great.

"Leave 'em alone and they'll come home," said Mr. Breffit jocularly to Sir James Le Breton, who shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he asked nothing better. He was not, he thanked Heaven, Mrs. Fenton's trustee, nor was he her guardian. By all means, therefore, let her marry her cousin if she wished to do so, though, for his own part, he should have thought that to retain undisputed control over her fortune would have been a wiser course.

But Fred's heart, as we know, was no longer his own; and his cousin, instead of wanting to marry him, showed every disposition to promote his marriage with

somebody else. At least, she buoyed him up with encouraging speeches and listened very patiently to the rather monotonous repetition of his hopes and fears. More than that it was not in her power to do, since she was as yet unacquainted with the object of his adoration. She was extremely anxious to be introduced to the Moores, and he professed himself equally anxious to effect the introduction, but these things are not very easily managed without the aid of chance, and as the season was now on the wane, it was more than likely that Susie might leave London before Mrs. Fenton had found any opportunity of expressing an honest opinion about her.

Chance, nevertheless, did bring about the desired meeting one evening, when, at her request, Fred had taken his cousin to the theatre. Mrs. Fenton enjoyed the play just as she enjoyed everything else; that is to say, after a most hearty and unaffected fashion. She deeply regretted that Fred's little comedy had been withdrawn from the boards, but could not agree with him that, since that was so, there was no particular necessity for their witnessing the farce which had replaced it. "Anybody who offers to take me to the theatre must make up his mind that he is in for a night of it," said she. "Good or bad, dull or funny, I want to see it all."

Consequently they had been for some time in their places before a party of four persons arrived to take possession of the four vacant stalls in front of them. First came rubicund General Moore, beaming upon surrounding men and things, as usual; then came his handsome wife, and then Susie; the beauty of the procession being somewhat marred in the eyes of one spectator by the inevitable Cloughton, who brought up the rear. All of them nodded and smiled to Fred, and all of them, except Cloughton, cast inquisitive glances at his companion. Mrs. Moore, as soon as she was seated, turned round and entered into conversation; so that there was no difficulty about making his cousin known to her. He performed the ceremony with some inward trepidation, because he knew that ladies who have already a large acquaintance do not always like it to be increased without their permission; but his alarm was groundless, for nothing could have exceeded the amiability with which Mrs. Moore accosted the stranger.

"So very glad to meet you, Mrs. Fenton," said she. "I have heard about you from Lady Clamborough, who declares

that you have the most wonderful voice in the world."

Mrs. Fenton smiled. She did not seem to think such a ridiculous statement worth protesting against, and only remarked that she was rather fond of music.

A brief dialogue followed, in the course of which she amused Fred by making it quite plain that she did not intend to be patronized. He had before this had occasion to admire her skill in the art of imitation; he now saw how cleverly she could avail herself of that talent when it suited her to do so. It was evident that she had taken Mrs. Moore's measure at a glance, and in talking to her she adopted the style and manner of conversation of a modern fine lady with such absolute exactitude that nobody, meeting her for the first time, would have felt the slightest doubt about her being what she affected to be. She had the whole correct vocabulary at her fingers' ends; she was perfectly at her ease; she even made some passing allusions to social events which were supposed to be known only to the initiated few; in short, she surprised and impressed Mrs. Moore so much that the latter lady, who had begun by being gracious and a trifle condescending, very soon changed her note and became almost humble.

Seeing that his cousin was so very well able to take care of herself, Fred felt at liberty to turn his attention to Susie, who was seated directly in front of him, and over whose shoulder he ventured to breathe some commonplace observations. But Susie did not get much beyond monosyllables in her replies, nor did she turn her head to look at him. Apparently she preferred to communicate any ideas that came into her mind to her neighbor, Captain Cloughton, while he, for his part, was at no pains to conceal the fact that Mr. Musgrave was a bore to him. He talked to Miss Moore in a whisper (which was really very bad manners), and when Fred spoke, he pulled his moustache and sighed, and looked away with an air of patient resignation.

"I didn't come to a hot theatre in the month of July to be annoyed in this way," was the remonstrance which his face expressed, but which he politely refrained from uttering.

When the curtain rose, all interchange of amenities between the two rows of stalls ceased perforce, and Fred did not care to profit by any subsequent opportunity of renewing them. Good-humored though he was, he left the theatre very cross indeed, and as he drove away he

said to his cousin, "I'll tell you what it is, Laura, I'm beginning to think that I've been an utter fool."

"That is not impossible," she returned, with a slight laugh, "but what makes you say so?"

"I mean I have been a fool to imagine that that girl ever had the smallest liking for me. If she cares for anybody it is for Claughton. She must have cared for him all along, I suppose, only I was too stupid to see it."

Mrs. Fenton's slim fingers were stretched out in the darkness and met Fred's great strong hand, which lay upon the seat beside her and which did not respond to her pressure. "Poor boy!" she exclaimed commiseratingly.

"I shall be twenty-eight next birthday, consequently I am not exactly a boy," said Fred, whose nerves were much irritated.

"No, but you are old enough not to mind being called so, and in character you are quite a boy still. I like you all the better for it. I don't know whether Miss Moore likes you or not; it was impossible to judge from what I saw this evening, but I'm afraid she doesn't like the notion of being a poor man's wife."

This was the very thought which Fred had been trying, with more or less success, to keep out of his mind all through the evening. It was certain that Susie's demeanor towards him had undergone a marked change, and it was no less certain that that change had first become perceptible simultaneously with the change in his fortunes. Still one does not always enjoy hearing one's secret thoughts put into words by other people, so he answered, "You don't know much about her, Laura; she isn't in the least what you suppose. Upon the face of it there's nothing improbable in her having fallen in love with Claughton."

"Nothing at all," agreed Mrs. Fenton rather provokingly.

"Then why do you hint that she would throw over a man whom she cared for if he weren't rich?"

"Only because it struck me that she was rather emphatic in the way that she turned her back upon you. One can turn one's back upon a man without being emphatic about it. However, I may be quite wrong, and I hope I am. At any rate you mustn't get angry with me for saying what I think, Fred, for you will make me miserable if you do. I haven't been able to say just what I thought to anybody for I don't know how many years. When one's daily bread depends upon one's civility, civil

one must be, and honesty must go to the wall; but with you I want to be myself — if you will let me."

"I beg your pardon, Laura," said the young man, who was already ashamed of his petulance. "I know quite well that you wouldn't willingly say anything to hurt my feelings, and I would much rather that you were honest with me than civil. All the same, you don't quite understand Susie yet; how should you?"

"Well," answered his cousin, laughing, "I dare say I shall have an opportunity of studying her more closely before long, because it is obvious that Mrs. Moore means to cultivate me. By the way, I hope you noticed my behavior to Mrs. Moore. Was it a good piece of acting?"

"It was excellent; it couldn't have been better. Only I don't know why —"

"Oh yes, you do; you know why perfectly well. I might have been the humble ex-music-mistress, and then, perhaps, she would have asked me to come in some evening and amuse the people who had dined with her, but I have played that rôle for a very long time now, and I am a little tired of it. I don't want to amuse Mrs. Moore's friends; I want to be amused by them; so, as I have been associating with peacocks lately and have picked up some of their stray feathers, I thought I would dazzle her with them. And dazzled she was. You will see that she will call upon me at once — in fact, she asked for my address — and very soon after that I shall be invited to dinner."

This prediction was promptly fulfilled, for on the very next day Mrs. Moore left cards in Albemarle Street, and before the end of the week her new acquaintance received a friendly little note, in which she was begged to excuse so short an invitation and to "dine with us quite quietly on Tuesday next. We are only expecting a very few people, of whom I hope your cousin will be one, and we shall be delighted if you are able to join our small party, for, as we are soon leaving London, I am afraid this will be our last chance of seeing you both for the present."

Mrs. Fenton proved the sincerity of the interest which she took in her cousin by throwing over one of Lady Clamborough's most influential friends in order to accept this invitation. "If I can do nothing else for you," she remarked, "I can at least ensure you a fair field by drawing off Captain Claughton — and I will."

Fred was rather amused by her self-confidence. "Do you think that will be

such a very easy thing to accomplish?" he asked.

"The easiest thing in the world. You don't half know me yet, my dear Fred. It has been a matter of sheer necessity for me to acquire the art of making myself agreeable, and I will make so bold as to say that I am not a bad hand at it, especially as regards the male sex. At Sydney I was considered quite attractive."

"That does not surprise me," said Fred.

"Thank you; but you have no idea as yet how attractive I can be when I like. Nor had they, it wouldn't have been safe. It was most important that I should keep upon good terms with the women there, so I had to be very cautious in my dealings with their husbands and brothers. After all, I don't feel particularly proud because I can lead men by the nose; it is a trick which any fool can learn so long as she doesn't happen to be downright hideous. All you have to do is to persuade them to talk about themselves, and Heaven knows that that requires no great persuasion."

"H'm! it strikes me that you have pursued that system with marked success in the case of one humble individual whom I know," observed Fred.

"No; I have always been myself with you. Perhaps that is why my success hasn't been very marked so far. You won't stand any criticisms upon Miss Moore from me."

"I only think that you are not well acquainted enough with her yet to be able to criticise her fairly."

"I shall be better acquainted with her soon, but I doubt whether I shall dare to say what I think about her unless it is flattering."

"You will be very unfriendly if you don't say what you think," Fred declared. "I am not such an ass as to expect everybody to fall in love with her; only I dare say you'll allow me to keep my own opinion, even if it should differ from yours."

"I *must* allow you," answered Mrs. Fenton, laughing. "I wouldn't if I could help it, because it stands to reason that my opinion must be the less prejudiced of the two and therefore the more valuable."

CHAPTER IX.

FRED escorted his cousin to Cromwell Road on the evening of Mrs. Moore's little dinner-party. They were rather late, and the remainder of the company, which consisted only of some half-dozen persons, had already assembled when they arrived. Captain Cloughton was conspicuous by

his absence, which was a relief to Fred for more reasons than one. In the first place he naturally did not wish to be interfered with by his rival, and in the second, he was not particularly anxious to be delivered from him through the benevolent intervention of Mrs. Fenton. Charming though his cousin was, he sometimes thought that she was just a shade wanting in refinement. Possibly no man altogether likes to hear a woman boast of her proficiency in the art of flirtation.

The young man was received with much cordiality by his host and hostess.

"So glad you were able to come!" the latter said. "We really seem to have seen nothing of you for ages." And then, in a lowered voice, "How very pretty your cousin is! And so—so nice altogether. Well, I think we are all here now. Captain Cloughton couldn't come; I dare say you have heard of his loss."

Fred shook his head. "I don't often see Cloughton. What has he lost? His watch, or his heart, or any other valuable of that kind?"

Mrs. Moore laughed a little. "No, only his elder brother. At least, I didn't mean to say 'only,' but it *is* his elder brother. Well, it seems that the poor man was subject to the most dreadful fits, so one can only regard it as a happy release. Captain Cloughton has gone down to attend the funeral, I believe. Of course this will make a very great difference in his prospects, but we all hope he won't retire just yet. It seems such a pity for a man of his age to give up his profession, doesn't it?"

Fred Musgrave's perceptions were not abnormally acute, but he could hardly help appreciating the significance of these confidential remarks. They meant, of course, "You are not to suppose, young man, that you have been asked here to-night for any other reason than that we are kind people and unwilling to show the cold shoulder to those who have fallen into adversity. Ten thousand pounds, however, will not do at all, and it may save you disappointment to be told at once that we take a parental interest in Captain Cloughton, who is now heir to more acres than you have sovereigns."

All this Fred quite understood, and he even thought that Mrs. Moore was somewhat needlessly explicit. Whether Susie was of one mind with her step-mother remained to be seen. After glancing round the room and drawing up a hasty mental scale of precedence, he thought it highly probable that he would be asked to take

Miss Moore to the dining-room, but this anticipation was not fulfilled, he being told off to a sprightly middle-aged lady, while Miss Moore walked down-stairs alone. She took the place on his left hand at the dinner-table, though, and as soon as the sprightly one would let him, he endeavored to enter into conversation with her. She answered him very much as she had done at the theatre; she was just polite, and that was all. It was in vain that he attempted to interest her in matters which she had formerly seemed to find interesting; in vain he told her about the play upon which he had been at work, and which he hoped would prove the first rung of the ladder which was to lead him to fortune and renown; it was evident that she did not care to hear about that play; and what was equally evident and still more ominous was that she was absent-minded and out of spirits. Well, if she couldn't dispense with Claughton for one evening without looking so dismal about it, there was no more to be said. After a time Fred said no more, and his silence was noted with some irritation by his hostess. One doesn't ask people to dinner simply in order to feed them.

But if Mrs. Moore was not best pleased with this taciturn guest, she had no such reason to complain of his cousin, whose loquacity left nothing to be desired. Mrs. Fenton made a speedy conquest of the general, to whom she communicated her impressions of London society with a mixture of artlessness and shrewdness which kept him bubbling over with laughter from soup to dessert; moreover, she managed to draw everybody within ear-shot into a discussion in which she took the principal part. There are a great many people who can accomplish that much, and some who accomplish it rather more often than could be wished; but it is only a genuine conversational artist who can do all the work and at the same time persuade others that they are taking their full share in it. Mrs. Fenton proved herself a true conversational artist that evening, and when she quitted the room with the other ladies, she left behind her four or five men who felt that, for once, they had been really brilliant. This made them very happy, because, unfortunately, it is so seldom that one meets with women who instantly see the point of one's little ironies and jocosities. It also caused them to entertain the highest possible opinion of Mrs. Fenton.

But it is one thing to captivate men (for we are a simple, unsuspecting folk for the

most part), and quite another to ingratiate yourself with members of your own sex. Mrs. Fenton, as has been said, had hitherto been tolerably successful in this more difficult undertaking; but when she tried to be kind to Susie Moore she met with a check. Susie, for reasons best known to herself, did not choose to respond to the other lady's advances. She was distant; she was reserved; she was even, if the truth must be told, a little sulky. When Mrs. Fenton began to talk about Fred and praised him up to the skies, she maintained a chilling silence. All she would say was, that she had always understood that Mr. Musgrave was very fascinating, but that she herself did not know him particularly well.

Mrs. Fenton raised her eyebrows. "Dear me!" said she. "I fancied from what he told me that you were a great friend of his."

"I don't think he can have told you that," answered Susie, flushing slightly. "For a few weeks we saw a good deal of him, because we were getting up some theatricals then and he used to come here to rehearse; but since that we have scarcely met at all. Perhaps, though, he didn't tell you so; perhaps you only fancied it."

"Oh, I won't swear that he actually told me so," returned Mrs. Fenton, laughing; "but I certainly had that impression. I'm sorry you don't like him; because I like him immensely. I don't think I ever met any one more unaffected and honest and good. He ought to hate me," she added presently, "for it is entirely owing to me that he is comparatively poor now, whereas he might have been rich. But he doesn't. On the contrary, he has been kindness itself to me from the very first. He couldn't have been more attentive or more charming if I had been his own sister, instead of a highly inconvenient cousin."

Susie replied shortly that she was glad to hear it, and with that the colloquy ended; for now the gentlemen had come up-stairs, and Mrs. Moore sailed across the room to ask whether Mrs. Fenton would do them all a very, very great favor and sing something to them.

Mrs. Fenton complied at once. She had brought no music with her, she said, and she was not much accustomed to playing her own accompaniments, but she would do her best, and if she broke down they must excuse her.

So she moved towards the piano, drawing off her gloves, and stopping on her

way to address a few laughing words to the men, who had assembled in a group, as men are apt to do after dinner until they receive the expected signals from the offing which cause them to disperse. "Stick to me," she whispered, "support me! I'm going to sing, and words can't express how nervous I am. Nothing terrifies me so much as these drawing-room performances."

Some members of this contingent, accordingly, formed themselves into a semi-circle in the neighborhood of the piano at which Mrs. Fenton seated herself; and, after bestowing a smile and a little grimace upon them over her shoulder, she struck the keys. Nervous she may have been; for, as everybody knows, the most experienced and accomplished artists are not always exempt from that form of suffering; but her nervousness was not apparent, nor had she the slightest occasion for feeling any. Her voice was not quite a contralto, although most people would probably have described it as such; it had a curious sort of occasional break in it, which, however, did not give the effect of a dissonance; and it was one of that rather rare quality which exercises a direct physical influence upon listeners. Her late husband had been in the habit of telling her that she had a voice like a fiddle, and he did not mean to be complimentary when he said so. But then Mr. Fenton had expected certain definite results which were quite unattainable from the voice in question; others, not having the same reason for being exacting, were more flattering, and as for Mrs. Moore's guests, they were fairly carried away by her. First she sang them two quaint, plaintive Swedish ballads; and then, as they joined in entreating her to go on, she gave them Schubert's "Adieu," which they liked even better, because they had all heard it before. It may be doubted, nevertheless, whether they had ever heard it sung quite in that way before.

Fred, who had separated himself from the cluster of men near the piano and had taken a vacant chair beside Susie, was not the least enthusiastic of her admirers. "Isn't she wonderful!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, she has an extraordinary voice," answered Susie, who had the air of paying this tribute of praise a little grudgingly, "and she seems to be very clever in managing it. I should think she was very clever in every way."

"Oh, I don't know; she is very original—very natural. In some ways she is almost a child. I think you would like her."

It so happened that Susie had formed a very strong contrary opinion. She did not, however, give utterance to it, but merely observed, "You, at all events, seem to like her very much."

"I'm delighted with her; so is everybody else, even old Breffit, the lawyer, who can't be called impulsive, and who has been wishing her dead for the last three or four months. Old Breffit has always been rather an ally of mine, so he wasn't half pleased when he heard that she was to have her father's money. He has come round now, though. He doesn't exactly say so, but I believe he thinks that such a daughter as Laura deserves any fortune."

"I suppose," remarked Susie slowly, "that there is nothing very unnatural in a father's leaving his money to his daughter."

"Of course not. If there was anything unnatural in the business it was his never taking any notice of her or even mentioning her name for twelve years. I must confess that I think he ought to have told me he had a daughter."

"Yes, it is unfortunate for you. Still, your case isn't altogether hopeless, perhaps."

"I didn't mean to make any complaint," answered Fred rather curtly. He was puzzled and provoked by the girl's way of speaking to him, which he did not see that he had done anything to deserve. It was not like her (at all events, it was not like what he had imagined her) to treat him so disdainfully because he had ceased to be a matrimonial prize, and yet he could conceive of no other reason for the change in her demeanor.

After a few moments she said, "Your cousin is a good deal older than you are, isn't she?"

"I suppose she must be a year or two older, but she certainly doesn't look it. I shouldn't have set her down as a day more than five-and-twenty."

"I should have put her at over thirty; but then I don't admire her so much as you evidently do."

"Well, we had better not talk any more about her," said Fred with a shade of impatience, "for it doesn't seem to be a subject upon which we are likely to agree. Let us try to find one that will please you better—Claughton and his good luck, for instance."

"It is always pleasant to think about Captain Claughton, because he himself is always pleasant," returned Susie rather defiantly. "I don't quite understand what you mean by his good luck, though."

"Why, his brother's death, of course. Isn't it the best of good luck to be promoted from younger son to heir-apparent?"

Susie looked her neighbor full in the face, which she had not done before. "Do you know, Mr. Musgrave," said she, "I think you have become very ill-natured all of a sudden."

Now that was precisely what he had been thinking about her; but a woman may say things which it is not permissible for a man to say, so he bit his lips and held his tongue.

"Everybody," the girl continued, "does not think money the one important thing in the world."

It is not surprising that Fred should have been greatly incensed by the outrageous injustice of this speech. If Susie loved Captain Claughton, no reasonable being could be angry with her on that account; if, without exactly loving Captain Claughton, she was going to marry him because her people wished it, and because she herself appreciated the advantages of ease, that also was a course of action which, by stretching a point, one might perhaps bring oneself to pardon. But hypocrisy was not pardonable. It was really a little too much that she should attempt to disguise her own failings by boldly accusing others of them, and nothing but the intervention of Mrs. Moore, who thought that her step-daughter had been talking to Mr. Musgrave quite long enough, saved Susie from a rebuke of the most outspoken and uncompromising kind.

Fred's first remark, after he had seated himself in his cousin's brougham and was being driven eastwards, was, "Well, that's all over!"

Mrs. Fenton did not affect to misunderstand him. "I am sorry," she answered, "and yet I am glad. Do you think me very unfeeling for saying that I am glad?"

"I don't understand why you should be glad."

"Don't you? Suppose you were as fond of me as I am of you—is your imagination equal to that effort?"

"I think so," answered Fred, with a rather woebegone laugh.

"Spur it a little further, then, and suppose that I have fallen in love with a man who likes me pretty well, but likes my money still better. Suppose that I have suddenly been deprived of my money, and that my lover has hastened to beat a prudent retreat. You would be sorry for me, I hope; but wouldn't you also be

rather glad for my sake that things had so fallen out?"

Fred sighed. He was not more fond than the rest of us of facing disagreeable facts; but there are circumstances under which facts must needs be faced, and after the conversation which he had had with Susie he could not pretend to think that his cousin had misjudged her. "You may be right to rejoice, but I dare say you'll excuse me if I don't join in your rejoicing," he observed presently. "Somehow or other it's no great consolation to me to know that what I wanted wouldn't have been worth having if I had got it."

"A day will come when that knowledge will be an immense consolation to you," returned Mrs. Fenton hopefully. "I am not without experience; I have learnt what it is to make mistakes which can't be corrected. As for you, my dear Fred, I will risk offending you very deeply by predicting a speedy recovery for you. You see, if you had really cared a great deal for Miss Moore, you wouldn't have behaved with quite such punctilious discretion during the last few months. Men never do."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Moore was saying to her step-daughter, "Apparently I was not so very far wrong in my conjecture. It is pretty evident that Mr. Musgrave is either smitten with his cousin, or wants her to think that he is. Well, one can hardly blame him, I suppose."

"It seemed to me," answered Susie, "that it was rather his cousin who was smitten with him. She hardly took her eyes off him the whole evening."

Mrs. Moore shrugged her shoulders. "So much the better for Mr. Musgrave! I'm sure I hope he really cares for her, poor little thing! It isn't very pretty in a man of his age to have such a keen eye to the main chance; but it's what we all come to sooner or later, and in a certain sense we are right. Because, whatever people may say when their own interests are not at stake, money is essential, whereas love isn't. All the same, he ought to find it easy enough to fall in love with Mrs. Fenton, and most likely he will."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A COURT-DAY IN FIJI.

A BRIGHT sky vying with the sea for blueness, a sun whose rays are not too hot to be cooled by the sea-breeze, the distant roar of the great Pacific rollers as

they break in foam on the coral reef, the whisper of the feathery palms as they wave their giant leaves above yonder cluster of brown native huts—all these form a picture whose poetry is not easily reconciled with the stern prose of an English court of law. It is perhaps as well that the legal forms we are accustomed to have been modified to meet the wants of this remote province of the queen's dominions, for the spot we are describing is accounted remote even in remote Fiji, and the people are proportionately primitive. The natives of Fiji are amenable to a criminal code known as the Native Regulations. These are administered by two courts—the District Court, which sits monthly and is presided over by a native magistrate, and the Provincial Court, which assembles every three months before the English and native magistrates sitting together. From the latter there is no appeal except by petition to the governor, and it has now become the resort of all Fijians who are in trouble or consider themselves aggrieved.

For several days witnesses and accused have been coming in from the neighboring islands, and last night the village crier proclaimed the share of the feast which each family was called upon to provide. The women have been busy since daylight bringing in yams, plantains, and taro from the plantations, while the men were digging the oven and lining it with the stones that when heated will cook the pigs to a turn.

But already the height of the sun shows it to be past ten, and the District Court has to inquire into several charges before the Provincial Court can sit. The order is given to the native police sergeant to beat the *lali*, and straightway two huge wooden drums boom out their summons to whomever it may concern. As the drum-beats become more agitated and pressing, a long file of aged natives, clad in shirt and *sulu* of more or less irreproachable white, is seen emerging from the grove of cocoanut palms which conceal the village. We have but just time to shake hands with our dusky colleague, a shrewd-looking old man with grizzled hair and beard carefully trimmed for the occasion, when the crowd begins to pour into the court-house.

The gala dresses are not a little startling. Here is a dignified old gentleman arrayed in a second-hand tunic of a marine, in much the same plight as to buttons as its owner as to teeth; near him stands a fine young village policeman, whose offi-

cial gravity is not enhanced by the swallow-tailed coat of a nigger minstrel; while the background is taken up by a bevy of village maidens clad in gorgeous velvet pinafores, who are giggling after the manner of their white sisters until they are fixed by the stern grey eye of the chief policeman, which turns their expression into one of that preternatural solemnity they wear in church. The court-house, a native building carpeted with mats, is now packed with natives, sitting cross-legged, only a small place being reserved in front of the table for the accused and witnesses. The magistrate takes his seat, and his scribe, sitting on the floor at his side, prepares his writing materials to record the sentences. The dignity with which the old gentleman adjusts his shirt-collar and clears his throat is a little marred when he produces from his bosom what should have been a pair of pince-nez, seeing that it was secured by a string round his neck, but is in fact a Jew's-harp. With the soft notes of this instrument the man of law is wont to beguile the tedium of a dull case. But, although the spectacle of Lord Coleridge gravely performing on the Jew's-harp in court would at least excite surprise in England, it provokes no smile here. The first case is called on. Reiterated calls for Samuela and Timothe produce two meek-faced youths of eighteen and nineteen who, sitting tailor-fashion before the table, are charged with fowl-stealing. They plead "not guilty," and the owner of the fowls, being sworn, deposes that, having been awakened at night by the voice of a favorite hen in angry remonstrance, he ran out of his house, and after a hot chase captured the accused red-handed in two senses, for they were plucking his hen while still alive. Quite unmoved by this tragic tale, Vatureba seems to listen only to the melancholy notes of his Jew's-harp; but the witness is a chief and a man of influence withal, and a period of awed silence follows his accusation, broken only by a subdued twanging from the bench. But Vatureba's eyes are bright and piercing, and they have been fixed for some minutes on the wretched prisoners. He has not yet opened his lips during the case, and as the Jew's-harp is not capable of much expression, it is with some interest we await the sentence. Suddenly the music ceases, the instrument is withdrawn from the mouth, the oracle is about to speak. Alas, he utters but two words, *Vula tolu* (three months), and there peals out a malignantly triumphant strain from the Jew's-harp. But the prosecutor starts

up with a protest. One of the accused is his nephew, he explains, and he only wished a light sentence to be imposed. Three months for one fowl is so severe; besides, if he has three months, he must go to the central gaol and not work out his sentence in his own district. Again there is silence, and the Jew's-harp has changed from triumph into thoughtful melancholy. At length it is withdrawn, and the oracle speaks again: *Bogi tolu* (three days).

The prisoners are pounced upon and dragged out by the hungry police, and after a few more cases the District Court is adjourned to make way for the Provincial. The rural police, a fine body of men dressed in uniform, take up positions at the court-house doors, and we take our seats beside our sable colleague at the table. A number of men of lighter color and different appearance are brought in and placed in a row before the table. These are the leading men of the island of Nathula, who are charged with slandering their *buli* (chief of district). They have, in fact, been ruined by a defective knowledge of arithmetic, as we learn from the story of the poor old buli, whose pathetic and careworn face shows that he at least has not seen the humorous side of the situation. It appears that a sum of 70*l.* due to the natives as a refund on overpaid taxes was given to the buli for distribution among the various heads of families. For this purpose he summoned a meeting, and the amount in small silver was turned out on the floor to be counted. Now, as not a few Fijians are hazy as to how many shillings go to the pound, it is not surprising that the fourteen or fifteen people who counted the money made totals varying from 50*l.* to 100*l.* They at once jumped to the conclusion that the buli, who was by this time so bored with the whole thing that he was quite willing to forego his own share, had embezzled the money; but to make suspicion certainty they started off in a canoe to the mainland to consult a wizard. This oracle, being presented with a whale's tooth, intimated that if he heard the name of the defaulter who had embezzled the money his little finger, and perhaps other portions of his anatomy, would tingle (*kida*). They accordingly went through the names of all their fellow-villagers, naming the buli last. On hearing this name the oracle, whose little finger had hitherto remained normal, "regardless of grammar, cried out, 'That's him!'"

On their return to Nathula they tri-

umphantly quoted the oracle as their authority for accusing their buli of embezzlement. The poor old gentleman, wounded in his tenderest feelings, had but one resort. He knew *he* hadn't stolen the money, because the money hadn't been stolen at all, but then who would believe his word against that of a wizard? and was not arithmetic itself a supernatural science? There was but one way to re-establish his shattered reputation, and this he took. His canoe was made ready and he repaired to the mainland to consult a rival oracle, named *Na ivi* (the ivi-tree). The little finger of this seer was positive of the buli's innocence, so that, fortified by the support of so weighty an authority, he no longer feared to meet his enemies face to face and even to prosecute them for slander. As the buli was undoubtedly innocent, and had certainly been slandered, the delinquents are reminded that ever since the days of Delphi seers and oracles have met with a very limited success, and are sentenced to three months' imprisonment. And now follows a real tragedy. The consideration enjoyed by the young Fijian is in proportion to the length and cut of his hair. Now these are evidently dandies to the verge of foppishness. Two of them have hair frizzed out so as to make a halo four inches deep round the face, and bleached by lime until it is gradated from deep auburn to a golden yellow at the points. Pounced on and dragged out of court by ruthless policemen, they are handed over to the tender mercies of a pitiless barber, and in a few moments they are as crestfallen and ridiculous as that cockatoo who was plucked by the monkey. The self-assurance of a Fijian is as dependent on the length of his hair as was the strength of Samson.

But now there is a shrill call for Natombe, and a middle-aged man of rather remarkable appearance is brought before the table. He is a mountaineer, and is dressed in a rather dirty sulu of blue calico secured round the waist by a few turns of native bark cloth. He is naked from the waist upward. The charge is practising witchcraft (*drau ni kau*), a crime which is punishable with twelve months' imprisonment and forty lashes, for the Fijians are so persuaded that a bewitched person will die, that it is only necessary to tell a person he is bewitched to ensure his death within a few days from pure fright. The son of the late buli of Bemana comes forward to prosecute. The substance of his evidence is as follows: Buli Bemana, who was quite well on a certain Saturday, was

taken ill on the Sunday and expired in great agony on the Monday morning. The portion of his people to whom the accused belongs had complained more than once of the buli's oppression, and desired his removal. It is the custom for a wizard who has compassed the death of a man to appear at the funeral with blackened face as a sign to his employers that he has earned his reward and expects it. The accused attended Buli Bemana's funeral with blackened face. Moreover, an old woman of Bemana had dreamed that she had seen Natombe bewitching the buli, and the little fingers of several Bemanas had itched unaccountably. These last the witness considered were convincing proofs. The accused, in reply, stated that he was excessively grieved at the buli's death, and that his face at the funeral was no blacker than usual. Several witnesses followed, who deposed that the accused is celebrated throughout the district for his skill in witchcraft, and that he had boasted openly in days gone by that he had caused the death of a man who died suddenly.

Now, as stated above, the belief in witchcraft among Fijians is so thorough, and the effects of a spell upon the imagination of a bewitched person so fatal, that the English government has found it necessary to recognize the existence of the practice by law. It is, however, none the less wise for the government officials, without pooh-poohing the existence of witchcraft, to attempt to discourage the belief in its efficacy. Accordingly we call for evidence as to the particular manner in which the alleged spell was cast. There was no cauldron nor blasted heath in this case; indeed, the whole ceremony was a decidedly tame affair. It was only necessary to procure some of the buli's hair or the portions of his food left untasted and bury them with certain herbs inclosed in a bamboo, and death would ensue in a few days. To our question whether the buli himself thought he was bewitched we receive a decided negative; indeed, we happen to know that the poor old man died of acute dysentery brought on by cold, and that in this case, if witchcraft had been really practiced, the death was a most unfortunate coincidence. As no evidence more incriminating than dreams and the finger-tingling is forthcoming, the accused is acquitted, to be condemned by the other tribunal of public opinion, which evidently runs high. When he has left the court we address the chiefs of Bemana upon the subject of witchcraft generally, as if seeking information. Upon this a number of

white-haired old gentlemen, whose boredom has been for some time exchanged for somnolence, wake up and hold forth upon the relative value of hair and nail-parings as instruments for casting spells. While the discussion becomes animated and the consensus of opinion appears to be gathering in favor of toe-nails, we electrify the assembly by suggesting an experiment. They are to select two of their wisest wizards, we are to supply the necessary means, and they are to forthwith cast their most potent spell over us. On the result is to rest their future belief in witchcraft. If we have not succumbed in a month's time there is no truth in the practice. If we do die, they may not only believe in it, but they will, of course, be held guiltless of our death. A dead silence ensues. Then, after much whispered conversation, an old man addresses the court, pointing out that white men eat different food from Fijians, for do they not live upon flour, tinned meat, rice, and other abominations? And do they not despise the succulent yam, and turn up their noses at pork, dried lizard, and tender snake? Therefore is it not obvious that the powers of witchcraft will be lost upon such beings? Now we have with us a Tongan servant, by name Lijiate (being the nearest Tongans can get to Richard). This man, being half-educated and above all a Tongan, is full of contempt for Fijians and their barbarous customs. He has long talked contemptuously of witchcraft, which he considers fit only for the credence of heathens, not of good Christians like himself. Here is a chance for Richard to distinguish himself and us. We make the offer. Richard is to be bewitched on the same terms as ourselves. He at least does eat yams and pork, and though he has not yet taken kindly to snake, the difference is trifling. But we have counted without our host. "*Fakamolemole*" (pardon), says Richard, "I almost believe in it myself. I pray you have me excused." This spikes our gun, for though, doubtless, some of our Fijian servants would consent to be experimented on, they would probably pine away and die from pure fright, and re-establish the belief in witchcraft forever.

Our discomfiture is best covered by attention to business. Two more cases of larceny are heard and disposed of, and now two ancient dames, clad in borrowed plumes, consisting of calico petticoat and pinafore, are led before the table. Grey-headed and toothless, dim as to sight and shapeless as to features, they

look singularly out of place in a court of law. Time was (and not so very long ago) when women so decrepit as these would have had to make way for a more vigorous generation by the simple and expeditious means of being buried alive, but now they no longer fear the consequences of their eccentricities. One of these old women is the prosecutrix, and the charge is assault. We ask which is the prosecutrix, and immediately one holds out and brandishes a hand from which one of the fingers has been almost severed by a bite. She has altogether the most lugubrious expression that features such as hers can assume, but with the bitten finger now permanently hung out like a signboard, words of complaint are superfluous. The other has a truculent and forbidding expression. She snaps out her answers as if she had bitten off the ends like the prosecutrix's finger, and shuts her mouth like a steel trap. The quarrel which led to their appearance in court might have taken place in Seven Dials. Defendant said something disparaging about prosecutrix's daughter. Prosecutrix retaliated by damaging references to defendant's son, and left the house hurriedly to enjoy the luxury of having had the last word. Defendant followed and searched the village for her with the avowed intention of skinning her alive. They met at last, and having each called the other a-roasted-corpse-fit-for-the-oven, they fell to with the result to the prosecutrix's finger already described. The mountain dialect used in evidence is almost unintelligible to us, so that our admonition, couched in the Bauan, has to be translated (with additions) by our native colleague. But our eloquence was all wasted. Defendant utterly declines to express contrition. Our last resource must be employed, and we inform her that if she does not complete the task imposed on her as a fine she will be sent to Suva gaol, there to be confined with the Indian women. This awful threat has its effect, and the dread powers of our court having thus been vindicated the crier proclaims its adjournment for three months. The spectators troop out to spend the rest of the day in gossiping about the delinquents and their cases. The men who have been sentenced are already at work weeding round the court-house, subjects for the breathless interest and pity of the bevy of girls who have just emerged from court and are exchanging whispered comments upon the alteration in a good-looking man when his hair is cut off. None are left in the court-house but ourselves, the chiefs,

and the older men. The table is removed, and the room cleared of the paraphernalia of civilization. Enter two men bearing a large carved wooden bowl, a bucket of water, and a root of yagona, which is presented to us ceremoniously, and handed back to some young men at the bottom of the room to chew. Meanwhile conversation becomes general, witchcraft is discussed in all its branches, and compassion is expressed for the poor sceptical white man; *sulukas* (cigarettes rolled in banana leaves) are lighted; the chewed masses of yagona root are thrown into the bowl, mixed with water, kneaded, strained, and handed to each person according to his rank to drink; tongues are loosened, and it is time to draw the meeting to a close. The sun is fast dipping into the western sea when the last of our guests leaves us, and we have a long moonlight ride before us. There is but just time to pack up our traps and have a hasty meal before we are left in darkness, but the moon will rise in an hour, so we may start in safety in pursuit of the train of police and convicts who are carrying the baggage.

From Temple Bar.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS is best known to the public as the supposed author of the letters signed Junius. Whether he would deserve notice or respect if he were the real Junius, is a question which any one can answer who is intimately acquainted with Francis's career, and material for such an answer will be supplied before the close of this article. Yet, irrespective of the assumed connection between Francis and Junius, there is much in Francis's life which deserves more attention than many readers may suppose. Though not one of the great men whose names shine in the annals of the eighteenth century, and though his place is in the second rank, yet Francis's career was as varied and interesting as that of many whose names precede and overshadow his on the roll of fame.

Sir Philip was the only son of the Rev. Dr. Francis, who was celebrated in his day as the translator of Horace and Demosthenes, who wrote two tragedies, entitled "Eugenia" and "Constantine," both being put on the stage and both being "but coolly received," as the biographers of playwrights record. Dr. Philip Fran-

cis held a living in Norfolk, and on the recommendation of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, he was appointed chaplain of Chelsea Hospital. In 1762, King George III. gave Dr. Francis a pension of six hundred pounds on the Irish Pension Fund, and, in 1764, one of three hundred on his own Civil List. He had written political pamphlets which pleased the ministers of the day; he had acted as tutor to the children of Henry Fox; he was well paid for his services to the ministers and the crown, yet he was not of opinion that his preferment and pensions had fully recompensed him. Like many other men, he did not consider that he had obtained his deserts. He might have been forgotten long ago, despite his political pamphlets, his plays, and his translations, had it not been for his noteworthy son, though it is possible that even if Sir Philip Francis had never lived, the name of Dr. Francis would have gone down to posterity, because it has a place in the "Memoirs of my Life and Writings," by Gibbon. When Dr. Francis kept a school, Gibbon was one of his pupils for a very short time. It is easy to infer the character of the master from the guarded yet pointed remarks of Gibbon:—

My unexpected recovery again encouraged the hope of my education, and I was placed at Esher in Surrey, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Philip Francis, in a pleasant spot which promised to unite the various benefits of air, exercise, and study (January, 1752). The translator of Horace might have taught me to relish the Latin poets had not my friends discovered in a few weeks that he preferred the pleasures of London to the instruction of his pupils.

After Philip Francis was ten years old and had been educated at Mr. Roe's free school in Dublin, where he was born in 1740, he was removed to England. On the 17th of March, 1753, he became a pupil of St. Paul's School, where he remained till 1756. Mr. George Thicknesse was then high master, and his management of the school increased its popularity. His pupils felt a personal regard for him, and after quitting school some of them, Francis being one, kept up a correspondence with him. George Thicknesse died in 1790, and he was buried in Warmington churchyard. Francis characterized him as "the wisest, learnedest, quietest, and best man he ever knew." Having arranged with others to commemorate their old master by placing a bust in St. Paul's School, he wrote the

following letter to Burke, dated the 21st of January, 1792:—

MY DEAR MR. BURKE, — I am sure I need make no apology for requesting you to assist me in an act of piety and gratitude to the memory of one of the best and most learned men of his time, the late Mr. George Thicknesse. In the narrow sphere allotted to him I can affirm with certainty that it was impossible to exhibit greater qualifications of every kind, or to do more good to mankind than he did. Judge not of his learning and abilities, though you may of his virtue and wisdom, by the obscurity in which he passed his life and escaped out of it. *Natus moriensque fefellit.*

He claimed no honor from descent of blood;
But that which made him noble made him good.

In the little circle of his friends I never knew a man so much respected. By his scholars universally he was loved and revered; even they who neglected his instructions, or forgot his precepts, were tenderly and dutifully attached to his person. Your friend Hickey has succeeded in the bust beyond my expectations, considering that he had nothing but a very indifferent old picture to copy from, and had never seen the original; the performance does him so much credit, and he has taken so much pains with it, that we, the managers, are perfectly satisfied, and have agreed, for his honor, to let it appear at the exhibition before it is erected in the school. Some of us pretended scholars have been hammering our brains for an inscription; but what signifies malleation without fire? Be so good as to lend us a little of yours. One of the faults of the enclosed essay is that it is too long for the tablet; do see if you can mend it or make it better, and let me have your answer by to-morrow or Monday's post. All this family, jointly and severally, desire their most affectionate duty and dutiful affection to be presented to Mrs. Burke and yourself.

Yours abundantly,
P. FRANCIS.

P.S. — Observe, we are obliged to mix the honors of the school with the eulogy of one of its greatest masters, of whom Lilly was the first, appointed by Dean Colet.

Burke does not appear to have given the help required of him, and Francis's "essay" must have been rejected, as the inscription on the pedestal is the following unadorned one: "George Thicknesse, High Master, 1748–1769."

Francis was on a footing of intimacy with Philip, the brother of George Thicknesse; and Philip is now remembered as the author of a pamphlet, published in 1800, entitled "Junius Discovered," and designed to prove that Horne Tooke was the writer of the letters signed Junius.

Two pupils at St. Paul's School were then the personal friends of Francis, and continued to be so in after life, the one was

Henry Sampson Woodfall, the editor and printer of the *Public Advertiser*, to which Junius contributed; the other was the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, who has been named among the writers of the letters of that noteworthy contributor. Both Francis and Rosenhagen were clever boys and were favorites of the high master. Rosenhagen went to Cambridge and entered St. John's College. Francis was appointed a clerk in the office of the secretary of state, after leaving school at the age of sixteen, carrying with him a gold medal in token of his proficiency and good conduct.

This clerkship was due to the influence of Henry Fox, one of the secretaries of state. Dr. Francis then passed much of his time at Holland House, being regarded, according to his son, as "the friend and favorite of the family." Yet he had a grievance, which his son considered to be well-founded, the same grievance as that which embittered the days of Swift so long as his reason lasted; Dr. Francis wished to be made an Irish bishop. Francis appears to have been painstaking and industrious as a clerk, and he possessed the further advantage of being favored by men of note. Thus, when General Bligh was sent on an expedition against Cherbourg in 1758, Francis was appointed his secretary. The only charge then brought against him was due to excess of zeal or curiosity; he entered the trenches before Cherbourg, and he was reprimanded for doing so. Though Cherbourg was captured, the expedition was a failure, and it was characterized by Francis in after life in the following words, which his second wife noted down:—

It was much like many other of our expeditions, ill-combined and worse executed, our movements often the counterpart of an unskillful game of chess; the enemy committing equal mistakes, or giving us credit for deep-laid designs, and not taking advantage of our own blunders.

In 1760, the Earl of Kinnoul was sent on a special mission to the king of Portugal, and Francis accompanied him as secretary, leaving London in February and returning from Lisbon in November, 1760. Writing to his father he uses the following very strong language about the Portuguese:—

The king is a beggar, his troops beggars, the nobility utter beggars; but no term is poor enough to express the beggary of the *Plebs* (the commons). Let it suffice to say that half a moidore would purchase any crime that even a Portuguese could commit.

In the next letter he rightly states that he may have written too harshly about the people among whom he was living, while his father wrote and said that much which displeased him in the Portuguese was the result of education and bad government. When Francis visited Lisbon, five years had elapsed since the great earthquake there, yet even after that interval the city, as he writes:—

Affords most shocking and astonishing scenes of ruin; all the handsomest part of it was destroyed by the earthquake. We ride through the remains of the town with fear and trembling. The people are so perverse and dilatory that they have left whole ranges of walls standing unsupported, which frequently fall and crush the passengers who walk under them quite unconcerned.

Another short extract from one of Francis's letters contains his opinion of the habits of the people:—

The boys go to school in heavy cloaks, which cover all but their eyes, and always march with a becoming gravity; this habit of walking prevails so strongly that they will even suffer themselves to be run over rather than discompose themselves by stirring out of the way. The first day I went out my chaise ran over a man and two boys; the postilion took no kind of notice of it nor even turned back his head. I endeavored to turn back and get out, but could not make the driver understand me. It was happy for me he did not—the least expression of concern or humanity for the sufferers might have been fatal to me. The mob would certainly have murdered me; whereas, by persisting boldly, they either think one in the right, or are intimidated.

For a few months he acted as amanuensis to Pitt, and Lady Francis has preserved two anecdotes concerning her husband at this time, anecdotes which she received from his own lips. The first is to the effect that, when Pitt was debating an important question with two of his colleagues, the latter asked for reasons in support of his view, his reply being, "My lords, the reasons why I consider the measure injudicious are so obvious that I wonder you should require to be told them. I will venture to assert they will occur to that youth (pointing to Francis). Speak, Francis, have you heard the question?" Francis answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Pitt, "tell their lordships why I object to their proposals." It was an awful moment, but Francis assigned instant reasons, so much to the minister's satisfaction, that Pitt exclaimed, "I told you how it would be; you cannot answer

a boy!" On another occasion a question arose at Pitt's house in St. James's Square as to the gender of a Latin word. Pitt said, "Ask the St. Paul's boy," who at once gave the correct gender.

On the 27th of February, 1762, Francis was married to Miss Mackrabie, whose parents lived at Fulham; her father, after being in business in the City, retired there on a small competency. The marriage was opposed by Dr. Francis as well as by the parents of the bride. The couple had nothing to live on but love, and that does not last long in the absence of money. However, the days of their struggles with poverty were not many, as at the end of 1763 he was appointed by Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip, first clerk in the War Office. His salary was four hundred a year, while the fees added to his income. On the other hand, he became the father of several children, and his power of providing for his family was taxed to the utmost. He was constantly hoping to better his condition.

Alexander Mackrabie, the brother-in-law of Francis, went to America in 1767 as managing clerk in a mercantile house in Philadelphia. Through him Francis bought one thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania with the object, as he states in a fragment of autobiography, "of securing a retreat for myself or my family if England should cease to be the seat of freedom." In order to increase his fortune, Francis resorted to speculating in the funds, with the result of losing money. On one occasion he lost as much as five hundred pounds.

He worked hard at his official duties; it is said that the great majority of the drafts of letters, in answer to those received, are still extant in the handwriting of Francis, rarely altered by the secretary at war, and never by Deputy D'Oyly. Yet Francis was not averse to pleasure; on the contrary, he often seems to have indulged in it to excess. Dr. Francis had gone to live in Bath, where his son visited him at intervals. How he lived when visiting Bath the following passage from a letter to his wife will show:—

MY DEAREST BESS,—A round of cards and claret has almost turned my head, but I will not deny you the satisfaction of knowing that I am as well as a man can be who sits up late and spends his time in good company.

This letter is dated the 24th of December, 1768; on the 4th of January, 1769, he wrote from London to his brother-in-law, Mackrabie:—

I have just returned from spending a riotous fortnight at Bath. Gravier and two others filled a post coach, which was dragged with no small velocity by four horses. We travelled like gentlemen, and lived like rakes. . . . While I lived at Bath in every species of *débauche* my health was unimpaired, but the moment I returned to this cursed regularity of drinking nothing, and going to bed and getting up early, *me voici enrhumé comme un tigre*, I can hardly see, breathe, or speak; therefore I see no reason why I should write any more. Sick or well, drunk or sober,

Yours I remain,
P. FR.

A fortnight after this letter was written, the first letter signed Junius appeared in the *Public Advertiser*.

On the 5th of April in the same year he avows to Mackrabie that he is not a good correspondent:—

I own that it would be more to my credit to fill a sheet to you once a month than write in the manner I do; but I think my brains, whenever I sit down to write a letter, are addled, and for the life of me I cannot get one step further.

So I remain, yours,
P. FR.

From a letter to Mackrabie dated the 12th of February, 1771, additional evidence may be obtained as to the life led by Francis after office hours:—

We lead a jolly kind of life; this night to a concert, on Thursday to a ridotto, on Saturday the opera, and on Tuesday to a grand private ball at the London Tavern.

That he was not always temperate is clear from his own admissions. One of them is contained in a letter to his cousin, Major Baggs:—

Fitzpatrick, Tilman, Gravier, and I dined yesterday at the Queen's Arms. They drank immoderately—even I, who drank nothing but thimblefuls, grew intoxicated at last.

All Francis's letters to his father are as filial in sentiment as those of any son could be, while those to his wife are the letters of a loving husband. Two letters written to his wife from Bath not only show this, but they will serve another purpose which I shall state presently. The first is dated the 23rd of December, 1771:

MY DEAREST WIFE,—I have got your two letters this morning, and pity you from the bottom of my heart. This bleeding I hope will have a good effect. Let me know constantly how you go on. There is nothing in this place to give me the smallest pleasure. My father may hold it out for years in this deplorable condition, or he may die to-morrow [Dr. Francis had been smitten with paralysis].

Mr. D'Oyly has resigned; but of this say nothing. In short I am a little heartsick. Pray tell my dear girls that I am infinitely proud of their behavior. I shall write again to-morrow, and so for the present farewell.

Yours, yours,
P. F.

The second letter was written on the day following:—

MY DEAREST BETSY, — It is not that I have anything to add to my letter of yesterday, but a letter is a comfort to you, and I am afraid you want it. My father was well enough this morning to go abroad in a chaise, but he relapses frequently, and is truly in a deplorable condition; he is hardly sensible of my being here, and if I did not live cheap and did not expect Mr. Godfrey I would return many days sooner than I intended. I have dined but once at a tavern, and have never supped out. I am very uneasy about the dear children, and much more so about you. It is hard that you should have so unpleasant a Christmas, but have a good heart, and I'll take care you shall have a merry New Year. I flatter myself your brother will be in London in a fortnight. I was invited to dine to-day with a riotous party, but did not like it, so dine at home alone; and Mrs. Walsh has sent me a ticket for a concert, so I take my music and my nourishment gratis. I am very impatient to hear what Lord Barrington has determined about the War Office. I neither expect nor desire any alteration in my own situation—very likely Mr. Bradshaw may succeed. I am afraid my poor friend Walsh is very unhappy; she has represented their melancholy state to me with tears, and would gladly retire to any farm to avoid Bath; but this is impossible. I have swallowed an excellent fowl and roast chine, and now drink your health and all that's dear to me at Fulham. And so, Honesty, adieu.

P. F.

The other purpose for which the foregoing letters have been quoted is to illustrate one of the extraordinary grounds on which it has been assumed that Francis wrote the letters signed Junius. At the time when he was at Bath living the quiet life described in his letters, when he was a married man and the father of five children, and was expecting to become the father of six, he is said to have made love to Miss Giles, to have danced with her at balls evening after evening, and to have sent verses to her in her praise. After Miss Giles had become Mrs. King and attained the age of sixty-five, she made a statement to this effect, and showed her friends a copy of the verses and a facsimile of an anonymous note sent along with them. I leave the statement without further comment than the obvious one, that the probability of Mrs. King being

mystified or mistaken is greater than that of Francis, in the circumstances stated above, having been her lover.

The passage in the first of the above letters, to the effect that "Mr. D'Oyly has resigned," and the one in the second, that "I neither expect nor desire any alteration in my situation" at the War Office, are important, inasmuch as D'Oyly was deputy secretary at war, and the superior of Francis. In a letter to his cousin, Major Baggs, written a few days after returning from Bath, Francis says:—

Immediately upon my return, my Lord Barrington was so good as to make me the offer [of D'Oyly's place], with many obliging and friendly expressions. I had, however, solid reasons for declining the offer, and Mr. Andrew Chamier is appointed. All this I should be glad you would communicate to anybody that is willing to hear it. I have schemes floating in my mind about a certain six months' voyage, which perhaps are not quite out of the cards, and that's all; if it succeeds you shall hear more, but it will not bear writing about.

Soon after this letter was written, Francis resigned his clerkship, and in the postscript to an official letter to Major Baggs, dated the 20th of March, 1772, he thus announces his resignation:—

DEAR PHIL, — The formal letter you have just read is, I hope, the last you will receive from me in that style. At the end of this quarter I leave the War Office. It is my own act; be not alarmed for me; everything is secure and as it should be.

Three days later the following passage appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, in a letter signed "Veteran," the manuscript, which has been preserved, being in the handwriting of Junius:—

The worthy Lord Barrington, not contented with having driven Mr. D'Oyly out of the War Office, has at last contrived to expel Mr. Francis.

It is maintained that Francis wrote both the paragraph in the letter to his cousin Major F. Baggs and that in the letter signed "Veteran;" as every reader is competent to form an opinion on this matter, I need not offer one.

Francis left the War Office in March; he started on a Continental tour in July, and he returned home in December, 1772. His friend Daniel Godfrey accompanied him. The account of his travels, which he has left on record, is not more interesting now than the accounts of other travellers in his day, the part relating to his visit to Pope Ganganelli excepted. His

friend and he appear to have received special attention, being asked to sit upon a small sofa, instead of kissing the pope's slipper, a distinction which astonished their introducer. In the course of the conversation reported by Francis, the pope said :—

That if he had been pope in the time of Harry the Eighth, he would have prevented the unfortunate separation of England; that Clement the Seventh was a weak man, and duped by Charles the Fifth; and Wolsey a man of ability, but blinded by his ambition; that the same temper and moderation on the part of the Holy See, which has lately recovered Portugal, would probably have preserved England.

The letter to Dr. Campbell, describing this interview, contains the following declaration towards the end :—

Though not a convert to the doctrines of this Church, I am a proselyte to the pope. Whoever has the honor of conversing with him will see that it is possible to be a Papist without being a Roman Catholic.

While absent from England, Francis heard of the death of his friend Calcraft, whom he had expected to join him at Naples. Calcraft had been the friend of Dr. Francis; the earliest letters of Philip Francis contain remembrances to him, and he was on terms of close intimacy with Calcraft. He left Francis a legacy of a thousand pounds, and an annuity of two hundred pounds to Mrs. Francis in the event of her surviving her husband. Moreover, he directed his trustees to return Francis to Parliament for the pocket borough of Wareham during the minority of his sons. Junius wrote on the 5th of October, 1771 :—

Even the silent vote of Calcraft is worth reckoning in a division. What though he riots in the plunder of the army, and has only determined to be a patriot when he could not be a peer!

In his fragment of autobiography Francis writes that, before leaving England, "Calcraft agreed to join me at Naples in the autumn. We parted with every mark of affection, never to meet again." Again, "To complete my afflictions I received an account of Calcraft's death while I was at Naples." This is the man of whom Junius wrote in the terms quoted above, of whom Francis wrote in the terms just quoted, and to whom he was so much indebted. Yet there are those who maintain that Junius was only a mask for Francis!

The following passage in Francis's autobiography is the last in which mention

is made of his father, and it is written in a spirit which does him honor :—

Soon after my return I went to Bath to see and take my final leave of my good father. A succession of paralytic strokes had gradually destroyed his faculties, and ruined a noble constitution. I found him reduced to a state lower than infancy, and insensible even to the pleasure of seeing a son he adored. May I never exhibit so melancholy a sight; or may they who behold me look forward, as I do, with tenderness and sympathy to their own decline, and to the possibility of a similar misfortune! My father died on the 5th of March, 1773. I have kept all his letters with several of my own, and earnestly desire that they may be preserved forever in my family.

Among the letters preserved is one which shows that Francis did not exaggerate when writing that his father adored him. It is dated the 9th of January, 1771, and concludes thus: "Farewell, my dearly beloved and esteemed; may your boy make you as happy a father as I am!" These words were penned after Francis had spent several days at Bath with his invalid father, when he was a husband, the father of five children and the expectant father of the sixth, and when he is represented in the character of Junius dancing with Miss Giles and penning verses in praise of her charms!

The turning point in Francis's career had now arrived. He was without employment; his capital was the thousand pounds left to him by Calcraft; he was the possessor of a thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, the husband of a wife who had no dowry, and the father of six children. His brother-in-law Mackrabie had returned from Philadelphia. Francis writes in his autobiography :—

The question now seriously agitated in my mind was whether I ought not to transplant myself at once, and take possession of this establishment [in Pennsylvania] before my little capital is exhausted. This was actually the subject of a dismal conversation between Mackrabie and me on the 4th of June, when we accidentally met a gentleman in the park, who informed me that John Cholwell, one of the intended Commissioners for India, had declined the nomination. I immediately went to D'Oyly, who wrote to Grey Cooper. It was the king's birthday, and Barrington had gone to court. I saw him the next morning. As soon as I had explained my views to him, he wrote the handsomest and strongest letter in my favor imaginable to Lord North. Other interests contributed, but I owe my success to Lord Barrington.

This Lord Barrington, to whom Francis was indebted for the honorable post of

member of the Council of Bengal, with a salary of ten thousand pounds, is the same man of whom Junius wrote to Woodfall: "Having nothing better to do, I propose to entertain myself and the public with torturing that bloody wretch, Barrington." Again, "Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington." Not only did Francis owe his appointment to Barrington, but he corresponded with him on a friendly footing, and visited him at his country seat after returning from India. And yet there are those who maintain that Francis must have been Junius.

It has been alleged that Francis was sent to India because it was discovered that he had written the letters signed Junius, and that it was desired to get rid of him. These letters were re-published in two volumes on the 3rd of March, 1772, and it was on the 4th of June, 1773, that Francis learned there was a vacancy in the Council of Bengal, and made the application, which, thanks to Lord Barrington, proved successful. After Lord North had suggested Francis's name to the king, the latter wrote from Kew, on the 8th of June, 1773, at thirty-two minutes past seven in the morning — these particulars being preserved in his Majesty's own handwriting: "I do not know of their personal qualifications, except Mr. Francis, who is allowed to be a man of talents." If King George the Third had known that Francis had attacked him as Junius, he might have used different language when his name was submitted to him; but the facts as set forth clearly show how Francis's appointment took place, and they show also that it had no connection with what he had done in any other capacity than as first clerk in the War Office and as a friend of Lord Barrington, the secretary at war.

While tracing Francis's career from the time of his entering the War Office in 1763 till his resignation in 1772, it is manifest that he was fully occupied during the day with his official duties, and that he was as fully occupied amusing himself after office hours. He carried on an extensive correspondence with connections and friends, though, to use his own words, he thought his brains were addled whenever he sat down to write a letter. It is alleged, however, that Francis found time to write all the letters signed by and attributed to Junius. As I am not discussing the authorship of these letters, I content myself with stating what others have said; but I may add, as strictly pertaining to a paper on

Francis, a few references made by him to Junius in the course of correspondence. Mackrabe, his brother-in-law, writes from America on the 10th of March, 1770, as follows: —

But Junius is the Mars of malcontents. His letter to the king is past all endurance, as well as all compare. The Americans are under small obligations to him for his representation of them. I will do them more justice than he does, by declaring that his production is not very favorably read among them. Who the devil can he be?

Francis replies, very naturally as I think, but very cunningly according to others, in these terms: —

Junius is not known, and that circumstance is perhaps as curious as any of his writings. I have always suspected Burke; but, whoever he be, it is impossible he can ever discover himself. The offence he has given His Majesty and — is more than any private man could support; he would soon be crushed. Almon has been found guilty of republishing the letter to the king, and Woodfall, who was the original publisher, is to be tried to-morrow. If he be found guilty, I fancy he will have reason to remember it.

Dr. Francis died under the belief that Burke was Junius, and left a paper behind him to that effect, which Francis copied, as he said, "from the foul draught of my father." On the 25th of June, 1771, Francis wrote to his cousin, Major Baggs: —

The Duke of Grafton, since his appointment to the Privy Seal, has had a peppering letter from Junius, who promises a continuance of his correspondence so long as he is in office.

A month later he wrote: —

Junius has given Horne a most severe correction. The best on't is that Junius, under pretence of writing Horne a private letter, makes him the editor of the grossest and most infamous libel that ever was printed. This I take to be a *coup d'état*. Wouldn't you laugh if you saw the parson in the pillory for publishing a letter in which he himself is virulently abused?

The last of these references is in a letter to the same cousin on the 20th of August, 1771: —

Junius and Wilkes seem to make common cause. Poor Horne is drubbed till he screeches for mercy. Never was there such a letter as Junius flattered him with; all mankind agree that it was his masterpiece, and now I hope that we shall never hear any more of them.

Francis was disappointed in his hope. He was disappointed, too, with his office

in Bengal. He went thither full of confidence in his powers as a reformer, and he soon found himself engaged in a struggle with Warren Hastings, in which the latter had that superiority in argument which the majority of votes in a man's favor always confers. Francis was not a genial man. His friend Godfrey wrote to him in 1775:—

You have acquired the reputation of haughtiness, and an instance was mentioned to me of your treating a gentleman very unhand-
somerly at your own table.

Francis replied:—

I know not on what facts or appearances the charge of loftiness imputed may be founded, but I can assure you, by everything that is sacred, the circumstance you allude to is utterly without foundation, and, as you do not mention the name of the gentleman whom I am supposed to have ill-treated at my own table, I can only say that it is not in my nature, and an infamous calumny.

Not long afterwards he wrote the following passage in a letter to John Bourke, and this suffices to show that Francis was not beloved, and that he knew it:—

I have laid the foundation of such personal odium against me as I am convinced will last me as long as I live, and probably descend to my children, the only inheritance I shall leave them.

Six years after landing in Bengal he had a quarrel of a graver kind than usual with Hastings, and challenged him to fight. They met, and Francis received a bullet in his body; he thought his backbone was broken and that he was mortally wounded. However, the bullet was extracted and the wound healed. Not long after his recovery he returned to England, landing at Dover on the 19th of October, 1781. He left home poor, and returned with an ample competence. Though his salary was large, yet his fortune was not made by saving. He gained much money at whist from Mr. Barwell, one of his colleagues. In March, 1776, he writes to Mr. Chandler: "An extraordinary stroke of fortune has made me independent. Two years more will raise me to affluent circumstances." Two months later he writes to Mr. Fowke at Benares:—

I believe I must revert to my first request to you to procure me a small venture of diamonds on the most favorable terms I can. I have actually won a fortune, and must think of some means of realizing it in England.

And four months after this letter was written he sent one to his friend Godfrey, wherein he says:—

You must know, my friend, that on the blessed day of this year of our Lord I had won about twenty thousand pounds at whist; it is reduced to about twelve, and I now never play but for trifles, and that only once a week. . . . Whenever I am worth a clear entire sum of forty thousand pounds secure in England, Bengal may take care of itself.

When he returned in 1781, it may be assumed that he had gained the amount upon which he had set his heart. After being settled in England again, he estimated his income at upwards of three thousand pounds a year.

While Francis was fortunate as a gamester, he had to pay a large sum for damages to an injured husband. The lady in the case was a young beauty of Danish extraction and Indian birth, who became M. Grand's wife at the age of sixteen. For diverting Madame Grand's affections Francis had to pay M. Grand five thousand pounds. After separating from her husband and staying with Francis for a time, Madame Grand went to Europe. After several vicissitudes of fortune she obtained a divorce in 1798 from M. Grand, and on the 10th of September, 1802, she was married to Talleyrand, afterwards Prince of Benevento. This princess is the lady of whom the story runs that, when introduced to Humboldt, she supposed him to be Robinson Crusoe, and asked him where his man Friday was.

Francis was so much disliked in England and India that, when he went to court after his return, the king and Lord North were the only persons who addressed him. However, he soon found friends in those who hated Warren Hastings as he did and who wished to make him suffer. Francis now lived in good style in Harley Street, and his chief sources of anxiety were the failing health of his wife and the delicate health of a daughter.

He was returned to Parliament for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, at the general election of 1784, and soon after taking his seat he addressed the House for the first time in a debate on the financial affairs of the East India Company. This was on the 2nd of July; on the twenty-sixth he made another speech, wherein he uttered the passage which William Pitt never forgave:—

Lord Chatham is dead [said Francis] and has left nothing in this world which resembles him. He is dead, and his sins, and honor, and character, and understanding of the nation are dead with him.

A result of William Pitt's aversion to

Francis was the failure of an attempt to elect him a member of the committee to answer Warren Hastings's reply to the articles of impeachment, and of a further attempt to appoint him a manager of the impeachment. The managers resented this by calling upon Francis to aid them in their duties. Not even Burke was more active or more earnest than Francis in pursuing Hastings, and it may be doubted whether the abortive impeachment ever would have occurred but for the grim malice and determination of Francis to obtain a triumph over Hastings at Westminster which he had failed to achieve in Calcutta.

From 1784, when Francis entered the House of Commons, till 1807, when his Parliamentary career closed, he was a conspicuous figure in politics. He sided with Wilberforce in opposing the slave-trade; he was the founder and most active member of the Friends of the People, and he was also on the most intimate terms with the Prince of Wales. A set of rooms in the Pavilion at Brighton was set apart for him. The prince commonly called him "grandpapa," sang duets with his son, addressed his daughters by their Christian names, and petted his eldest grandchild. A passage from one of Francis's letters to the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire will show the footing he was on with the prince:—

Our Prince has a peculiar weakness; he is led by fashion, the hero of the newspapers is the hero of the day. . . . Sheridan never forgave me for a truism that escaped me. We were giving names in lieu of titles to each other one evening at the Pavilion. The Prince said the Man of Ross was greater than Lord Ross; Fox was the Man of the People, etc.; the Prince did your humble servant the honor of calling him the "Wise Man of the East." Sheridan looked vipers at me, and inquired whether *sage homme* meant *à peu près comme sage femme*? All laughed, and I said that, being so honored by the Prince, I had no wish to change my title, or (bowing to Mr. Sheridan) I might be celebrated as the man in debt to Mr. S.; but, as that would be incredible, I would try to acquit myself by giving him the choice of two names, the man who extends England's credit or the man of the papers. (N.B.—That very morning a puff had appeared which the P. had said was *un peu fort*.) H.R.H. and C. laughed till they saw S. was cut to the quick, when the Prince, with a pitying air and tone, said, "Don't mind him, old fellow, his penalty shall be to find a name for me, and woe betide him if I'm not content with it!" None had yet ventured on one for him, and all called out, "Name, name." I said with strong emphasis, "The Man," and

paused. "Go on," said Sheridan. "I've done," said I. "I'm content," said the Prince, bowing gracefully round.

Despite his fidelity to the Whigs and his flattery of the prince, the hopes of Francis were never realized. When a new governor-general of India was appointed in 1806, Sir Gilbert Eliot, afterwards Lord Minto, got the office which Francis had coveted for years, his compensation being a Knight Commandership of the Bath. It is reported that he was offered and refused the office of governor at the Cape of Good Hope.

His wife died in 1806; his third daughter, Harriet, had died at Nice three years before, and her body was the first one which was laid in the burying-ground set apart there for Protestants. At a later day his second daughter, Elizabeth, also fell a victim to consumption. However, two daughters were happily married, and they, as well as a son, survived him.

Messrs. Parkes and Merivale, the biographers of Francis, have not devoted as much space as they might have done to the relations between Burke and their hero. These men made each other's personal acquaintance in 1773, when Francis had been recommended for a seat on the Council of Bengal. Burke had received and declined such an offer, and he did his best in the House of Commons to advocate the claims of Francis. Both were supposed to have written the letters signed Junius, all the internal evidence appearing to be in favor of Burke, and all the external evidence in favor of Francis. Both co-operated in attacking Warren Hastings, but towards the close of a trial which lasted five years, when no one who could weigh the matters at issue had any doubt as to the acquittal of Hastings, the belief that he would be found guilty on some of the charges was still entertained by Francis. His feelings with regard to Hastings are clearly set forth in a letter from Calcutta to William Burke, a kinsman of Edmund as is supposed, who was then at Madras, and who was introduced to Francis by Edmund. This letter is dated the 1st of October, 1777, being about three years before Francis's return to England:—

I do not wish you to meddle with our damned politics. Indeed, I wish my enemy no worse than to experience what I have done within the last three years. If every relation between guilt and punishment be not absolutely dissolved, a time I think will come when they who now triumph over me will tremble, if they do not repent. Appearances are yet

in their favor, but I still hope that I shall rise with lustre out of this fire.

The result of the impeachment of Warren Hastings did not coincide with Francis's expectations. Beyond an addition to the reputation of Sheridan and Burke as orators, no appreciable effect was produced by this merciless and protracted prosecution. Public sympathy was transferred to Hastings, not because he was impeccable, but because he had received harsh measure from his opponents.

Quite as noteworthy as the relation of Burke and Francis to the impeachment of Hastings is the position taken up by Francis with regard to Burke's view of the French Revolution. The letters which passed between them on the subject, and which are to be found in Burke's correspondence, are too long to be given at length, but their interest will be seen if I quote some passages from them. Before publishing his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," Burke sent the proofs to Francis, who returned them with the following letter:—

I am sorry you should have the trouble of sending for the printed paper you lent me yesterday, though I own I cannot much regret even a fault of my own that helps to delay the publication of that paper. I know with certainty that I am the only friend—and many there are—who ventures to contradict or oppose you face to face on subjects of this nature. They either care too little for you, or too much for themselves, to run the risk of giving you immediate offence, for the sake of any subsequent or remote advantage you might derive from it; but what they withhold from you they communicate very liberally to me, because they think, or pretend, that I have some influence over you, which I have not, but which on the present occasion I most devoutly wish I had. I am not afraid of exasperating you against me at any given moment, because I know you will cool again, and place it all to the right account.

It is the proper province, and ought to be the privilege, of an inferior to criticise and advise. The best possible critic of the *Iliad* would be, *ipso facto*, and by virtue of that very character, incapable of being the author of it. Standing, as I do, in this relation to you, you would renounce your superiority if you refused to be advised by me.

Waiving all discussion concerning the substance and general tendency of this printed letter, I must declare my opinion that what I have seen of it is very loosely put together. In point of writing, at least, the manuscript you showed me first was much less exceptionable. Remember that this is one of the most singular, that it may be the most distinguished, and ought to be one of the most deliberate

acts of your life. Your writings have hitherto been the delight and instruction of your own country; you now undertake to correct and instruct another nation, and your appeal, in effect, is to all Europe. Allowing you the liberty to do so in an extreme case, you cannot deny that it ought to be done with special deliberation in the choice of the topics, and with no less care and circumspection in the use you make of them. Have you thoroughly considered whether it be worthy of Mr. Burke, of a Privy Councillor, of a man so high and considerable in the House of Commons as you are, and holding the station you have obtained in the opinion of the world, to enter into a war of pamphlets with Dr. Price? If he answers you, as assuredly he will (and so will many others), can you refuse to reply to a person you have attacked? If you do, you are defeated in a battle of your own provoking, and driven to fly from ground of your own choosing. If you do not, where is such a contest to lead you but into a vile and disgraceful, though it were ever so victorious an altercation? *Dii meliora!* but if you will not, away with all jest, and sneer, and sarcasm; let everything you say be grave, direct, and serious. In a case so interesting as the errors of a great nation, and the calamities of great individuals, and feeling them so deeply as you profess to do, all manner of insinuation is improper, all gibe and nickname prohibited. In my opinion, all that you say of the queen [Marie Antoinette] is pure foppery. If she be a perfect female character, you ought to take the ground upon her virtues; if she be the reverse, it is ridiculous in any but a lover to place her personal charms in opposition to her crimes. Either way, I know the argument must proceed upon a supposition, for neither have you said anything to establish her moral merits, nor have her accusers formally tried and convicted her of guilt. On this subject, however, you cannot but know that the opinion of the world is not lately, but has been for many years, decided; but, in effect, when you assert her claim to protection and respect, on no other topics than those of gallantry, and beauty, and personal accomplishments, you virtually abandon the proof and assertion of her innocence, which you know is the point substantially in question. Pray, sir, how long have you felt yourself so desperately disposed to admire the ladies of Germany? I despise and abhor, as much as you can do, all personal insults and outrage, even to guiltiness, if I see it, where it ought to be, dejected and helpless; but it is vain to expect that I, or any reasonable man, shall regret the sufferings of a Messalina, as I should those of a Mrs. Crewe or a Mrs. Burke; I mean all that is beautiful amongst women. Is it nothing but outside? have they no moral minds? or are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth provided she be handsome? Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little before you determine that this is an office that

perfectly becomes you. If I stop here, it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself is, to my apprehension, palpable; it is visible; it will be audible. I snuff it in the wind; I taste it already; I feel it in every sense—and so will you hereafter—when I vow to God (a most elegant phrase) it will be no sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did everything in my power to prevent it. I wish you were at the devil for giving me all this trouble; and so farewell.

P. FRANCIS.

It is doubtful whether Burke had ever before received such a letter. He was not a man to be trifled or reasoned with. He was gifted with intellectual powers to an exceptional degree, but the wicked fairy at his birth had decreed that these should be marred by an intolerant and intolerable temper. Though a man of far less calibre than Burke, no other man of his day resembled Burke more closely than Sir Philip Francis did in mental arrogance and personal irascibility. No surprise can be felt by those who are acquainted with the dispositions of the two men to learn that the letter which I have just quoted produced its natural effect upon him in the highest measure. He instantly wrote a long reply, from which I shall make an extract to serve as a specimen of the whole. Burke's son forwarded this letter, and wrote to Francis what is in effect a remonstrance against troubling or exciting his father, concluding by letting it be understood that he deemed Francis in the wrong.

Do I not know my father at this time of day? I tell you his folly is wiser than the wisdom of the common herd of able men. Reflect upon all this, and believe me to be, with as much respect as is left me for the opinions of anybody but my father, a great admirer of all you have ever said or written.

Before quoting the following passage, I may observe that the sting in Francis's remark was the fact that he was the only friend of Burke's who had spoken his mind freely to him:—

You are the only friend I have who will dare to give me advice; I must therefore have something terrible in me which intimidates all others who know me from giving me the only unequivocal mark of their regard. Whatever this rough and menacing manner may be, I must search myself upon it; and when I discover it, old as I am, I must endeavor to correct it. I flattered myself, however, that you, at least, would not have thought my other friends justified in withholding from me their services of this kind. You certainly do not always convey to me your opinions with the greatest tenderness and management, and yet

I do not recollect, since I first had the pleasure of your acquaintance, that there has been a heat or a coolness of a single day's duration, on my side, during that whole time. I believe your memory cannot present to you an instance of it. I ill deserve friends if I throw them away on account of the candor and simplicity of their good nature. In particular, you know that you have in some instances favored me with your instructions relative to things I was preparing for the public. If I did not in every instance agree with you, I think you had, on the whole, sufficient proof of my docility to make you believe that I received your corrections, not only without offence, but with no small degree of gratitude.

Your remarks upon the first two sheets of my Paris letter relate to the composition of the matter—the composition, you say, is loose, and I am quite sure of it; I never intended it should be otherwise. For, purporting to be what in truth it originally was, a letter to a friend, I had no idea of digesting it in a systematic order; the style is open to correction, and wants it. My natural style of writing is somewhat careless, and I should be happy in receiving your advice towards making it as little vicious as such a style is capable of being made. The general character and color of a style, which grows out of the writer's peculiar turn of mind and habit of expressing his thoughts, must be attended to in all corrections; it is not the insertion of a piece of stuff, though of a better kind, which is at all times an improvement.

These last sentences, which are in Burke's best vein, form the prelude to a vehement reply to Francis's comments which I cannot quote for lack of space, but which I advise those who are interested in what they have just read to peruse for themselves. It is more to my present purpose to set forth what Francis thought and how he wrote, and, with that object in view, I give the following extract from a letter which he wrote to Burke after the "Reflections" were published and he had read them in their final form:—

MY DEAR MR. BURKE,—When I took, what is vulgarly called the liberty of opposing my thoughts and wishes to the publication of yours, on the late transactions in France, I do assure you that I was not moved so much by a difference of opinion on the subject-matter of the publication as by an apprehension of the personal uneasiness and vexation which, one way or other, I thought you would suffer by it. The labors you had in hand seemed to excuse you sufficiently from undertaking a new one; and I confess I was very unwilling to see them disturbed or interrupted by an altercation with men who were utterly unworthy of levelling themselves with you, in a contest of this kind. As to the resentment

of such men, I know very well that it ought to be disregarded whenever it ought to be encountered. I know that virtue would be useless if it were not active, and that it can rarely be active without exciting the most malignant of all enmity, that in which envy predominates, and which, having no injury to complain of, has no ostensible motive either to resent or to forgive. That sort of hatred is always implacable, but not always impotent; on the question, whether the occasion demanded, and the parties deserved, so much of your notice as you have given them, you had a right to decide, as you have done, for yourself. On that point you may be perfectly sure that I shall never say another word, unless it be to defend and support you to the utmost of my power. That is my office now. While I thought the measure was in suspense, I had another duty to perform, and I gave you my thoughts, not prudently and cautiously as I might have done, but frankly and cordially as I ought to do. Away with all that sort of reason which banishes the affections! You see that I have not neglected my studies, and that I have profited by them already. Once for all, I wish you would let me teach you to write English; to me, who am to read everything you write, it would be a great comfort, and to you no sort of disparagement. Why will you not allow yourself to be persuaded that polish is material to preservation?

It has not been in my power to read more than one third of your book, I must taste it deliberately; the flavor is too high, the wine is too rich, I cannot take a draught of it. All that you say of the revolution in England is excellent in its substance, and in its illustration incomparable. I wait to see how you apply that example, with strict justice, to the reproach of the proceedings in France.

In 1814, when Sir Philip Francis was seventy-five, he married for the second time, his bride being Miss Emma Watkins, who was then thirty-two. They had made each other's acquaintance about the time that Francis's first wife died in 1806. Lady Francis was proud of her aged husband, whom she felt convinced was the writer of the letters signed Junius. Sir Philip had lived long enough to have ascertained that, when a lady has made up her mind, neither force nor argument will avail to influence it. Moreover, he was old enough also to feel a childish delight in the worship of a woman who was forty-three years his junior. A year before their marriage Mr. Taylor had published a work entitled "A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius, founded on such evidence and illustrations as explain all the mysterious circumstances and apparent contradictions which have contributed to the concealment of this most

important secret of our times," and designed to show that the joint authors of the letters were Dr. Francis and his son Philip. Two years after their marriage Mr. Taylor wrote a second book entitled "The Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character Established," and designed to show that Junius was another name for Sir Philip Francis.

I stated at the outset that I did not intend to deal with Sir Philip Francis as an element in the Junius controversy.

Suffice it to say at present, that without asserting Francis was Junius, many things were done by him to confirm his wife in her belief that he was the "shadow of a shade." If he were Junius, then scarcely a man of note who had been his patron and friend escaped his denunciation, those to whom Francis was indebted for his rise and success in the world being classed by Junius among the vilest of mankind. When an old man, Francis not only encouraged his wife in her belief that he had written the letters which she admired, but he made the following note in the fifth volume of his copy of Belsham's "History of Great Britain:" "I wrote this speech for Lord Mansfield as well as all those of Lord Chatham on the Middlesex Election." Those who accept this statement as correct can have no difficulty in regarding Sir Philip Francis as Junius. Those who ask for proof of his having written a speech for Mansfield and Chatham, and the letters signed Junius, will ask in vain.

Sir Philip was tall and slender, very active, and very unamiable. He became most penurious in his old age. His fond second wife writes of his personal appearance as follows:—

In point of dress, Sir Philip was of the old school, and objected much to anything like a "free and easy" style of costume. Boots and trousers in a drawing-room were an abomination to him. His own dress (late in his life) was often fairly open to criticism. It was very difficult to make him believe that a coat which had seen long service ought to be cashiered, and he would uphold the merits of such a garment in a manner which was alternately the amusement and the despair of his family.

Lady Francis also records that, in a large company, her husband enunciated the following sentence as being the most valuable result of his long experience of life: "Never give, never lend, never pay anything to anybody on any account." Out of a desire that no unnecessary outlay should be incurred, Sir Philip Francis gave the laudable order that his funeral

should be strictly private. His wish was respected. He died at his house in St. James's Square, on the 22d of December, 1818, and, on the 31st of the same month, he was buried at Mortlake, his son being the only mourner. W. FRASER RAE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE AUTHOR
OF "JANE EYRE."

A VISIT to Yorkshire and Westmoreland during the glorious summer sunshine of the present year, with the recently issued pretty little volumes of the Brontë works as companions, afforded the writer a welcome opportunity of revisiting some of the places so vividly described in the earlier part of "Jane Eyre." Thirty years ago readers of Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë were following with keen interest the biographer's identification of persons and places mentioned in the famous novel; and there were doubtless many pilgrims to the scene of "Mr. Brocklehurst's" triumph of "grace" over "nature," and of poor little Helen Burns's martyrdom.

A generation has passed away since then, and there are but few survivors among those who thought they had a right to feel aggrieved at the publication of what, no doubt, were very painful revelations. "Jane Eyre," however, is a book which has survived the curiosity and enthusiasm with which its first appearance was greeted, and has continued to charm thousands of readers who are unable from personal knowledge to identify any of the *dramatis personæ*, and who perhaps have never cared to find the "key" in Mrs. Gaskell's pages.

To these, as well as to the older admirers of the novel, the following notes may not be without some interest. So deeply did Charlotte Brontë feel every line of the personal narrative contained in chapters four to eleven of "Jane Eyre" that she could spare but comparatively few words for descriptions of the scenery and characteristics of "Lowood," and "Lowton," although there is no district in England more worthy of artistic word-painting. Mrs. Gaskell's description of Cowan Bridge — the "Lowood" of the novel — is in all substantial particulars as accurate to-day as when she wrote it thirty years ago. Standing close to the highway leading from Leeds to Kirkby Lonsdale (the "Lowton" of "Jane Eyre"), about half a

mile from the railway station and two miles from the town itself, there is no difficulty in finding the building in which Mr. Carus-Wilson ("Mr. Brocklehurst" of "Jane Eyre") established the Clergy Daughters' School. A visitor at the present time will, however, see it to greater advantage than did Mrs. Gaskell. The part which she describes as being converted into a "poor kind of public house, then to let, and having all the squalid appearance of a deserted place," is now by far the more attractive of the two tenements into which the old house is divided, the window being gay with flowers, and the place both clean and tidy. The other cottage is not of so cheerful an aspect; and through the open door, when conversing with the rather untidy-looking person who came out at our approach, could easily be seen "the low ceilings and stone floors of a hundred years ago." A glance at the tiny bedroom windows and the general structure of the house is sufficient to satisfy any one possessing the most elementary knowledge of sanitation that the building was totally unsuited for the purpose to which it was put in 1823. The space between the house and the Leck brook is still a garden; but no trace remains of the wall, or the gate at which the coach stopped when "rain, wind, and darkness filled the air," and poor little "Jane Eyre" entered the school in which she was to learn such bitter lessons of experience.

Lovely as the country is round Kirkby Lonsdale, and beyond Cowan Bridge, it is difficult to agree with Mrs. Gaskell that the hamlet "is beautifully situated," or to share her wonder, "how the school there came to be so unhealthy." The situation is low, and apparently damp; and in every way a complete contrast to the site of the present school at Casterton. The Leck is still a lovely stream unpolluted by manufacturers and unspoiled by civilization; and it is pleasant to imagine Jane Eyre seated with her companion on a favorite stone "rising white and dry from the very middle of the beck," and looking with admiring eyes on the "prospect of noble summits girdling a great hill-hollow rich in verdure and shadow." Blotting out this cheerful picture follows another painted in more sombre colors. That deadly fever which, "quickenings with the quickening spring," crept into the school in 1825, is described with graphic force in the pages of "Jane Eyre," and the pathetic account of Helen Burns's illness and death was inspired by the recollection of Maria

Brontë's sufferings. The eldest of the Brontë children did not, however, die at the school, having been removed in time to linger for a few days at her own home among the moors. We have it on Mrs. Gaskell's authority that none of the Brontë girls took the fever. She says, moreover, that though forty girls were attacked "none of them died at Cowan Bridge." But local tradition contradicts this statement. In Leck churchyard, a short distance from Cowan Bridge, are two grave-stones, the inscriptions on which record the deaths of pupils at the school (one of the names is Becker), at the time of the epidemic described in the novel. If the date of the year—which is somewhat illegible from age—is correctly deciphered, the pathetic record in "Jane Eyre," "many already smitten went home only to die; some died at the school, and were buried quietly and quickly," is literally true.

Readers of the novel will remember the description of Jane Eyre's walk into Lowton when she went to inquire for answers to her advertisement; and how she tells us of the road to the "little burgh" lying "along the side of the beck, and through the sweetest curves of the dale." Kirkby Lonsdale, in spite of the railway running through the vale of the Lune, is but little altered from the "Lowton" of Charlotte Brontë's day. A compact little town with narrow streets and quaint old courts, it is not without importance in its own district. Then, too, the magnificent Norman church, and the ancient and most picturesque stone bridge over the Lune are well worth a visit; while the view of river, meadow, wood, and mountain, which one gets from "the brow," just beyond the precincts of the churchyard, is perfect and complete in every element of beauty.

Prominent among the houses to be seen in this lovely landscape is Casterton Hall—the "Brocklehurst Hall" of "Jane Eyre," and for many years the home of the Carus-Wilson family. The property, including the lovely Casterton Woods, has now passed into other hands.

There are other localities described in "Jane Eyre," including Tunstall Church, to which the girls had to walk on Sundays, in all weathers, for the privilege of hearing "Mr. Brocklehurst" preach, on which much might be said, but the limits of this paper forbid. To pass to reminiscences of a more personal nature. Now, as in past years, the character of Charlotte Brontë is incomprehensible to many worthy and, as a rule, charitably minded people.

Quite recently the writer was assured by a lady, who was neither a prude, nor a prig—that Charlotte Brontë's character and disposition were not at all as depicted by Mrs. Gaskell; and that in fact she was ill-tempered and essentially ungrateful. When asking for some authority for this unflattering description he was told that the lady in whose family Charlotte Brontë passed through her first experience as a governess had expressed this opinion. This is the same lady of whom Mrs. Gaskell relates that when one of her children, with the natural affection inspired by kindness, exclaimed, "I love 'ou, Miss Brontë!" it was reproved by its mother's indignant reply, "Love the *governess*, my dear!" It is but fair to add that the writer's informant emphatically denied the truth of this story. Those, however, whose faith in Charlotte Brontë's nobility of character is shaken by testimony of this kind, should study it as disclosed in her letters to her sister Emily. In these letters her innermost feelings, so jealously guarded from the outer world, are laid bare. Perhaps no truer portrait of Charlotte Brontë's *own* character can be found than in her biographical notice of her sisters, "Ellis and Acton Bell," of whom she writes, "that for strangers they were nothing, for superficial observers less than nothing, but for those who had known them all their lives in the intimacy of close relationship, they were genuinely good and truly great." The lady already referred to spoke of Mr. Nicholls as "uninviting," and "not at all the sort of man one cares to meet."

That he was not of polished manners, nor of a highly cultivated mind, can readily be gathered; but the testimony of his talented wife to his unwavering fidelity, his loving patience, and unselfish care for her, in sickness and in health—attributes of a true hero—is more than enough to ensure justice being done to Mr. Nicholls's character by those whose appreciation is worth having.

The capacity for hero-worship was a marked characteristic of Charlotte Brontë. As all readers of the biography will recollect, the Duke of Wellington stood in the first rank of her "great men;" and, in these latter days, when the title "grand old man" has been appropriated by the social and political admirers of a venerable contemporary statesman, it is interesting to recall the fact that Charlotte Brontë invented or borrowed the expression in writing of "the duke." In a letter dated June, 1850, describing a visit to London,

we find this sentence: "I can only just notify what I deem three of its chief incidents: a sight of the Duke of Wellington at the Chapel Royal (*he is a real grand old man*), a visit to the House of Commons," etc. It is to be feared, however, that Charlotte Brontë's Toryism was of too unbending a type to have admitted into her category of heroes the G. O. M. of 1889!

Before bringing these reminiscences to a close, it is pleasant to record the account given by another lady of a visit to Haworth a few years ago. So great is the growth of population in the district round Keighley and Haworth (to which the railway now extends) that the desolate loneliness of Haworth Parsonage and the moors beyond, so graphically described by Charlotte Brontë and her biographer, can now be scarcely realized. On visiting the church and looking at the Brontë tablet, with its pathetic record of eight deaths, this lady got into conversation with one of the older generation of Haworth women, who, though at first (with true Yorkshire caution) a little suspicious of a stranger, eventually spoke freely and in the most affectionate way of Miss Brontë, mentioning as one of her chief characteristics the shyness and reserve of which the authoress herself was so painfully conscious. "She never raised her eyes from her book when in church," said the good woman. How clearly the picture rises before our mental vision! The tiny, but well proportioned figure; her dress exquisitely neat, but perfectly plain; her face without pretension to beauty, but with the light of genius shining bright and clear through the expressive eyes. Here, in the old church — plain and unpretending like herself — where for so many years her prayers and praises went up to the God in whom she never lost her trust, we can most fitly take our leave of Charlotte Brontë.

FRANCIS H. CANDY.

From The Fortnightly Review.
RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART II.

WHERE the great guiding principles of social conduct universally accepted by civilized peoples are not yet assimilated by a nation, it would be puerile to expect the observance of those minor practical rules which are usually included under the name of propriety. This may be an enviable blessing or the opposite, accord-

ing to the point of view from which we consider it, but in either case it is an incontrovertible fact. In no other civilized people is the sense of the fitness of things and the perception of the incongruous so undeveloped and rudimentary as in the Russians. This defect can be satisfactorily accounted for in many ways; for instance, by the listless, unreal, dreamy life led by the people, who are ever glad to flee from the dread realities around them, to sleep, drunkenness, phantasy, for transient relief; by their childish view of the relation of cause and effect, which to their thinking is as necessary or as accidental as the falling of rain in answer to the prayers of the priest for moisture for the crops. Thus a most trivial act — such as spitting over one's shoulder, for instance — performed by a nobody will work revolutions in the heavenly spheres, producing effects that are nothing if not infinite. The stroke of a pen of a country boor, who is a copyist in some government office, will thwart the will of the czar and baffle the efforts of the entire government; * a few genuflexions in church and the burning of a penny wax taper before an *icon* will straightway restore to pristine innocence the abandoned wretch whose soul is black with the guilt of inexpiable crimes, to which Tannhäuser's were mere peccadilloes. To the average Russian mind every cause is a talisman between which and the effect to be produced there need be no proportion whatever. The scholastic law — *Nemo dat quod non habet* — would be rank heresy to the mind of the Russian, who has no eye for the perception of the grotesqueness that so often results from the logical application of his own view of causality. The talisman once put in requisition, the necessary effect must follow; if it does not, the reason thereof surpasses the understanding of the poor helpless mortal who had best leave things to right themselves. At the root of this slipshod way of conducting the most serious business of life is the absence of reflection, which during ages of demoralization, when all the expanding intellectual energies of the people were systematically driven into the narrow channel of emotion, was paralyzed for want of exercise, like the ventral fins of

* This is literally true. I could bring forward several curious cases in proof of this statement, which is well known to business men in the country — natives and foreigners, who have always to begin the distribution of the indispensable bribes with the lowest officials, ascending gradually upwards. The omission of a single intermediate link would be as fatal to final success as the passing over of a proposition in Euclid to the boy who learns geometry for the first time.

the mudfish (*Silurida*, etc.), or the eyes of the sightless *amblyopsis* of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. A man is appointed to a post which requires constant hard work, he shirks the hard work and accepts the emoluments in conformity with a confused, half-conscious feeling that the nomination and his occupying the post constitute, as it were, the talismanic formula; the results intended should somehow come of themselves, or at any rate with very little co-operation from him. A typical instance of this view of one's life-work occurred in the beginning of the present year. The secretary of the Town Council of the city of Taraschtscha (government of Kieff) for a long time discharged his professional duties in accordance with this curious conception of his obligations, until at last it occurred to certain town councillors that they might get on fairly well without him. They drew up a report to this effect, which had first to be privately read and signed by him, and then publicly read by him to the Town Council. He actually signed the report, having shirked his duty of first perusing it, and afterwards publicly read about half of it to the Town Council before he became aware of its drift.* This same conception of duty was manifested some time ago in a somewhat emphatic manner by a favorite pianist whose concerts are eagerly visited by friends of music in Russia. This gentleman sometimes deems that he has satisfactorily performed his duty if he merely shows himself to the public assembled to hear him playing. Last year, in spring, he was advertised to give a concert in the University of Dorpat. The seats were filled by an appreciative audience, which grew impatient when the artist failed to put in an appearance at the hour fixed. At last he arrived, staggered along the platform, turning his dull, unmeaning eyes upon the audience, and fell heavily into the seat beside the piano. Then he laid his bushy head upon the candle-stand, and let his hands drop motionless to his side. The public grew nervous; several ladies cried out that he had a stroke of apoplexy, and were imploring medical assistance for him when he fell heavily to the ground. "He is dead," they cried despairingly, and the confusion became indescribable, until a friend of the artist came forward and said: "It is nothing dangerous; our dear artist is only dead drunk."† And the "dear

artist" is as great a favorite as ever. Improperities of this kind are constantly passing without notice in Russia, where the manners of the rudest elements of society—the not yet amalgamated Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, etc.—have an irresistible tendency to keep the general standard rather low. Turghenieff was one day complaining to his friend Panaïeff of the queer (to an Englishman's way of thinking outrageous) manner in which the well-known *littérateur*, Pissemsky, had conducted himself the evening before, when reading a new novel he had written to a circle of well-born ladies and gentlemen in a salon of St. Petersburg. "I shall take care never to be present again when Pissemsky is reading, unless it be in our own circle," exclaimed Turghenieff. "Just fancy, gentlemen, he undertook to read his novel though suffering from a disorder of the bowels." As usual, he incessantly belched, constantly jumped up and went out of the room, and returning adjusted his dress before the ladies. *Lastly, and to crown all,** he called for a glass of *vodka*."†

Is there any other country but Russia in which the accomplished horseman of a circus could arrange to have a concert given for his benefit—in the Christian church, as Schuman Cook did last autumn?‡ Is there any other country in Europe in which a minister of state, arrayed in all the gold lace and decorations of his office, taking part in the most solemn and impressive ceremony imaginable, the obsequies of his murdered sovereign, and bearing the sceptre or some such other symbol of imperial power, the cynosure of hundreds of thousands of eyes, quietly put the sceptre in one hand and with the other pulled out from his pocket a substantial sandwich which he had thoughtfully provided, and leisurely munched it while walking in the procession as naturally as if he were in the clearing of a wood on a picnic with friends.§ It would be a mistake to treat these things as isolated facts of rare occurrence—the result of the heedlessness

* The italics are my own and are meant to emphasize Turghenieff's idea of the highest term of the climax, the *ne plus ultra* of impropriety.

† *Historical Messenger*, April, 1889.

‡ Cf. the *Journal Bals*, August, 1888; the *Riga Messenger*, August, 1888; and the *Odessa News*, August, 28, 1888, etc., etc.

§ This act, however, cost the gentleman his portfolio, and the usual solatium invariably given to dismissed ministers. I refrain from mentioning his name, though I have said enough to lead to his identification in Russia. The gentleman is otherwise a very worthy man.

* *Novoye Vremya*, 18th February, 1889.

† *Novosti*, April, 1888.

or eccentricity of obscure individuals. They are frequent, one may say universal, and quite as characteristic of corporate bodies and assemblies in which the collective wisdom of whole classes of the population is supposed to reside. Every year the city of Moscow organizes a public festival in aid of the Society of Christian Help. This would seem a good enough work on the face of it, but unfortunately the realization was never quite in keeping with the conception, for the festival always consisted of drinking to excess, listening to the singing of indecent songs by women who illustrated them by indecent gestures, and other equally "Christian" pleasures. Still people desirous of upholding the Society of Christian Help went and generally brought their families with them, and went home satisfied, having killed two birds with one stone. This year an additional attraction was held out to the people in the shape of a pantomime for boys and girls, in which was reproduced "the life of the shady women of the *demi-monde* of St. Petersburg and the manners and morals of cooks and servant women of the capital, when organizing orgies at night with their lovers, members of the fire brigade."* One father of a family protested at last, and declared that this was not the kind of spectacle that he would like to bring his children to—the intrinsic incongruity of the thing having seemingly completely escaped his observation. The *Moscow Listok*, however, a widely read journal, ridiculed the remarks of the gentleman in question, observing that what children should be protected from is not demoralization, but puritanical fathers; that it is a mistake to entertain ideal conceptions of what our social amusements should be, and *if one of the factors of this amusement should prove to be the delineation of light morals, etc., that in this there would be no great harm.*

This helpless inability or unconquerable repugnance to duly shape the means to the end proposed, this deep conviction that, the first step taken, everything else may be safely left to God or to chance, is manifest in every act of individuals, societies, and representatives of the nation. It strikes us with quite as much force in Siberia as in Moscow, and testifies to Russian nationality as loudly in Archangelsk as in Kieff. One is being perpetually reminded of the two simple-minded Russians who entered into conversation with each other in a railway carriage half-way

between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and discovering that they were travelling in the same train though bound the one for Moscow and the other for St. Petersburg, which lie in very opposite directions, were loud in their admiration of the wonders of science and civilization, but whose raptures gave place to very sober reflections the next morning, when they both found themselves in Moscow, one of them being several hundred miles from his destination. This typical story was forcibly recalled to my mind a year ago, when reading the startling disclosures published by two respectable doctors concerning the Hospital of the Russian Sisters of Mercy in Odessa, of which they were the consulting physicians.* "Patients are received," we are told, "mainly in order that they should die. They are kept in narrow, moist, stinking cells, are treated in the name of mercy with a degree of cruelty that outstrips the limits of the probable; they are fed with loathsome food, are made to wait eight hours for their medicines, which are prepared in the kitchen along with the meals, being for economy's sake compounded with water instead of spirits, and put up in match-boxes and cigarette-boxes; paralytics are purged with enemata, and sufferers from typhus put in strait-waistcoats. Since the arrival of the new superioress from St. Petersburg a new method of treatment has been superadded, and now patients are healed by charms, spells, and magical formulas."† There were two exhibitions in St. Petersburg during the first half of the present year, both of which were adaptations to a different order of things of the journey to St. Petersburg in a train bound for Moscow; the one a Pan-Russian exhibition of the products of pisciculture, with specimens of fish from the far north, the extreme south, the Volga, the Vistula, and the Caspian; and the other a flower-show with naiad-like lilies, royal roses, and rare exotics. Large numbers of the fish in the first exhibition were in such a very advanced state of putrescence that they were sold for nominal prices for food to the visitors, who had to hold their noses and shorten their stay. The persons responsible, when appealed to, had the fish removed, but not before they had pointed out that all the aspects of the fish industry in the empire should be in evidence at a good representative exhibition, and that as the sale of putrid fish as an article of

* Cf. *Novosti*, 31st October, 1888.

* Ibid.

† Cf. *Novosti*, 12th November, 1888.

food was a common feature in the trade it should also figure there.* The finest exhibit at the flower-show, a magnificent specimen of the Cape Colony *Strelitza* with gorgeous yellow-blue flowers, sent by the *Imperial Botanical Gardens*, was found to be a mere sham, a rootless flower with short stalk, temporarily stuck into the earth to deceive simple-minded visitors to the exhibition. How many other exhibits, from private as well as from *Imperial* institutions, were equally clever frauds the public had no means of judging.†

Conscious that these statements are the logical deductions from facts numerous enough to fill bulky volumes, I am also aware that patriotic Russians with a strongly developed sentiment of national *amour propre* may deem, or at least declare them, exaggerated or too strongly colored. The possibility of such a line of argument, rather than any real need of further confirmation, is my excuse for quoting the opinion of a Russian *littérateur*, now living and writing on the staff of the Petersburg journal *Novosti*, who published an article in that paper in October, 1887, on the question, "Are Russians Civilized?" and I am bound to say that the views which he there put forward were received with approbation by the greater part of the provincial press, which reproduced the article *in extenso* or in part.

"To begin with," writes M. Skabitscheffsky, "the most civilized of us all lead double lives: one life for our guests, when we flaunt our culture, and a totally different one in private, for daily use at home, where you can never say what enormities your most civilized man may not be committing. He may be blowing his nose with his fingers, licking the frying-pan with his tongue, drinking out of the bottle or milk-jug, etc., etc. It is not without cause that our proverb says: 'If you do not wish to spoil your appetite don't look into the kitchen.' Now what manner of civilization is that which exists only to be paraded before the guests like a gala uniform which is taken off after having been worn for an hour? Why, it is the fullest negation of the very conception expressed by the word — the conception of a series of customs and habits that have grown into second nature. In the most civilized *classes of society* you observe the complete absence of respect for public or private property. It needs all the watchful vigi-

lance of the police to keep public gardens from being befouled, the trees therein from being torn up, the monuments from being broken and covered with ribald inscriptions. If you let your country house for the summer to people who are to all seeming thoroughly enlightened, with an easy conscience they allow their horses and kine to graze in your garden and to eat up the flowers in your flower-beds. I once called upon acquaintances of mine, who were also most civilized people; all the stoves in their lodgings were heated until they were well-nigh white hot, and fuel was still being added. The heat in the rooms was unbearable. 'Why do you heat your rooms so immoderately?' I asked. 'Well, how can you ask such a question?' was the reply; 'why, the wood, don't you know, is the house-owner's; * surely you would not have us spare it!' And it is remarkable that in all *classes of society* you see the same sottish, brutish conviction prevalent, that not only need we not save and spare what does not belong to ourselves, but that we are in a manner bound at all costs to annihilate it. It is in obedience to this instinct that we cover the tables of our lodgings with inscriptions and pour every imaginable filth upon them; that, removing from our rooms, we consider it our duty to tear off the wall-paper and if possible to damage the walls also. To reduce to rags the book we have taken from the library, to deface the margins with sottish remarks and to tear out the pictures — this also is, in due season, our sacred duty. . . . And, after all this, we have the audacity to talk of Russian civilization, of the cultured class!"

The lowest substratum of the Russian character which the most careful analysis can discover is irreverence. However serious the thoughts by which a Russian's mind may at a given moment be absorbed, however enthusiastic his devotion to a truly noble cause, he is always careful to leave a chink of his mind open for future irreverence to bubble up through and swamp the relics of that faith for which he is now perhaps ready to sacrifice his life. In the height of his noble enthusiasm, like David Copperfield, when sorrow for his dead mother was most poignant, he carefully notes the most trivial incidents going on around him, and will treasure them up in his memory on the chance of

* Lodgings (flats of several rooms, containing kitchen, etc.) are frequently let in Russia with fuel; the house-owner stipulating to supply all the wood required by the tenant to heat the rooms and for culinary purposes.

† Cf. *Novosti*, 12th May, 1889.

‡ Ibid.

their yielding him the materials for a future sarcasm against his present ideals. *Olim meminisse juvabit.* Hence the amazing suddenness with which a Russian changes his point of view, and veers round from north to south without a moment's stay at any of the intermediate points of the compass, and the picture of Dostoieffsky, the great psychological novelist, solemnly offering up his heartfelt gratitude to the emperor of Russia for having banished him to Siberia, to herd with the scum of creation and suffer maddening misery for acts which, if not indifferent, were positively praiseworthy, cannot be matched in Christendom, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Deep-rooted faith in destiny, which is another fundamental trait of the Russian character, and is the only real faith that permeates the people, contributes largely no doubt to that peculiar frame of mind in which such fickleness is possible, such laxity of morals an inevitable necessity. "What is to be, cannot be avoided," is a proverb and a dogma of every subject of the czar, who on seeing a murderer or his victim is always devoutly thankful to destiny that he chances for the time being to be neither; thus implying that one rôle is just as likely to fall to his lot as the other, neither being avoidable by any mere effort of his will. The Russian is a firm believer in the unlimited possibility not of his own active nature, but of an external power whom he indiscriminately names God and Fate, which is always actively interfering in the ups and downs of his unreal life, taking away all incentive to action, but likewise easing him of all moral responsibility. Quaint Sir Thomas Browne believed that the "rubs, doublings, and wrenches," of which most men's lives are in great part composed, and which "pass awhile under the effects of chance," need only to be well examined "to prove the near hand of God." And the good-hearted old doctor felt the better for this conviction. In Russia, without any study or analysis, people find God's finger in every accident, crime, and intrigue, having sharpened up their sight

To spy a providence in the fire's going out,
The kettle's boiling, the dime's sticking fast
Despite the hole i' the pocket.

And the ensuing familiarity has only bred contempt, in addition to that irresistible tendency to inaction which vitiates the good beginnings of so many well-meaning men and women. "The devil is now engaged in mortal combat with your guardian

angel," exclaimed the prefect of some ecclesiastical seminary in Italy to a lazy student who was lying in bed, and whom he was exhorting to go down to divine service.

"What?" said the slumbering sluggard, turning over on to the other side, "my guardian angel fighting the devil on the question of early rising? Well, I have confidence in my guardian angel, who is bound to win. I will watch them both from this coign of vantage, till the fight is over. Have no fear for the result."

Now this is precisely the Russian's position in respect to the question of self-help. He lies listlessly in his place and lazily watches what he deems the finger of fate forming and shaping the good and bad events of his own existence. With fate all things are possible and are equally probable. There is no everlasting yea or everlasting nay in the Russian's theology or philosophy. Religion shows him a hell whence there is no redemption, a heaven whence there is no fall. Science puts him in possession of truths that are unsailable, and experience gives him facts that are as certain as his existence. Yet he thinks and speaks and acts in utter defiance of them all, for down in the hidden depths of his consciousness he has a confused notion that God or fate may alter these things any day in his favor, if desirable, and that none of them are final. Finality does not exist in any shape or form for the Russian. The archangels and seraphs may yet fall from their lofty thrones, the devil has a fair chance of salvation; the Caroline Islands may some day be shown to be in the Indian Ocean, and the earth prove the centre of the solar system; and all this in virtue of destiny, which though almighty, whimsical, well-meaning, and mischievous by turns, is at bottom benevolent and kindly, willing to humor all desires, and prepared in the next life to make things right and comfortable. His is the one active will working behind ours, moving us as puppets in the Punch and Judy show; thinking with our minds, speaking with our tongues, and living with our lives. A country where such notions are prevalent, is naturally unfavorable to the growth of Consul Bernicks, Pastor Manders, or Mayor Stockmanns — of those living pillars of society and lights of Christianity who thank God, meaning themselves, that they are not as other men. "Unto each man happens what was decreed at his birth," is one of the countless proverbs which embody that national Russian solution of the problem of free-will.

Others are: "What is to be will be." "You cannot run away from fate, not even on horseback." Nor is it the merely material side of destiny, so to say, that is brought out in such bold relief in the proverbs and the conduct of the Russian people; its moral aspect is no less emphatically accentuated. "Sin and sorrow overtake all men alike." "If a dog is to be beaten, there will be no lack of sticks." "A fool shoots, but God bears the bullets." "The wolf seizes the destined sheep," etc., etc.

Hence there is no inexpressible sin, no social hell for the upper or lower classes of Russian society. How low soever a man or a woman may have fallen, he or she is never held to be irredeemably lost. They can always come back to their former places without causing "doubt, hesitation, or pain." A man who has irreparably wronged you, blasted your cherished hopes, blighted your life, ruined those nearest and dearest to you, will after the lapse of a few months seek you out and address you in the most winning way, sure that you are glad to let bygones be forgotten and renew the friendship of the past. And he is only judging you by the highest standard he knows — to which his own life more or less conforms — utterly unconscious that it implies anything incompatible with your conception of a Bayard. I could illustrate this by numerous instances, some of which came under my own observation; but I prefer to restrict myself to one or two that have the advantage of being notorious. A few months ago a well-known capitalist of Moscow, on his return home from the Exchange, became aware that a daring burglary had been committed during his absence, his desk having been broken open and a sum of five hundred roubles extracted. Suspicion at first took no definite shape; but at last the butler suggested the name of the family physician — a man who was under innumerable obligations to the capitalist, having been rescued when a boy from abject poverty, sent to school and to the university at his expense until he obtained his medical degree, and being ever since in receipt of a large yearly salary from him for the discharge of the nominal duties of family physician. The suggestion was naturally treated as a foul-mouthed calumny at first; but the doctor was soon sent for and questioned. He began by denying the charge, but, like most Russian criminals, ended by confessing it. He pleaded necessity in palliation of the deed, and tried to prove it by saying that

the money was indispensable, as he was morally bound to make a present of a costly necklace to a gipsy woman whose favors he had been enjoying for some time past. He then asked for forgiveness, and without more ado received it. And his friendly relations with his benefactor continue as if nothing had occurred to ruffle them. He is as respectable and respected as ever.* Another instance is afforded by the case of the notorious revolutionist, Leo Tikhomiroff, whom the present czar lately pardoned on his expressing deep contrition and writing a recantation of all his errors. This individual returned to Russia this year and called on the late Count Tolstoy, minister of the interior, who was so delighted with the uncompromising thoroughness of his new convictions, and was so taken with the earnestness of the man, that he actually asked him for his photograph and autograph as souvenirs. Leo Tikhomiroff is now one of the pillars of the reactionary party in Russia, one of the lights of the Moscow *Gazette*, in the columns of which paper he publishes endless diatribes against Russian Liberalism as hollow and as lifeless as a two hours' sermon in a parish church in France.

It is not surprising under such circumstances that unmerited misfortune and richly deserved punishment should be indiscriminately confounded in the one comprehensive conception of destiny, or that disgrace and suffering coming in the guise of retribution for odious crimes have no corrective or deterrent effect upon the average Russian, whose motto is *hodie mihi cras tibi*. The Russian criminal is as patient and resigned under condign punishment as under wanton persecution, and his friends are lavish of their sympathies, as becomes genuine fatalists; both, mindful of one of the proverbs of which the Russian language is one vast mosaic, proclaiming that all such calamities, like spring rains and evening dew, fall alike abundantly upon good men and evil, and that immunity therefrom is the result of personal luck, not the meed of right conduct. And the most ferocious and hardened criminal is always sure of evoking a sigh of pity such as that which was breathed by the tender-hearted Adah for lost, impenitent Lucifer.

"Sleep; God will keep watch and ward for you," is a saying of the poet Lermontoff's that correctly describes the mental, moral, and political attitude of the mil-

* *Novoye Vremya*, April 13, 1889.

lions of miserable human beings who dreamily acknowledge the sway of the czar, staggering and stumbling under the burdens of life, as in a painful, half-conscious stupor. The extent to which fatalism and shiftlessness, with all the other vices of which they are the source, have eaten into the Russian character, can with difficulty be realized by those whose knowledge of the people is not derived from personal experience. Even in things that interest him most the typical Russian is strangely apathetic, and the terribly significant expression, "I waved my hand at it," meaning, "I have given up all further thought of it," is daily and hourly heard from men who at the first little obstacle they encounter, withdraw from the race within easy distance of the goal. Some idea, however, of Russian sluggishness and shiftlessness may be formed by those who have read Gontcharoff's novel, "Obломoff," and can picture to themselves a vast empire peopled by undeveloped types of humanity weltering in chaotic ignorance and misery, in various degrees of disintegration from the action of that fearful solvent nameless in the English tongue, and which Russians now term Oblo-moffism. This combination of fatalism, will-paralysis, indifference, and grovelling instincts gives us a clue to the marvellous endurance of the masses, whose mode of life is at times more bleak, cheerless, and less human than that of the grazing monks of Mesopotamia described by Sôzomen, whose sufferings were at least the result of choice.* For ages they have been taught by word of mouth and by the lessons of daily experience to take no thought for the morrow; they have been trained by the government and counselled by their Church to look to others for all things needful, to put their trust in princes and powers, visible and invisible; and the outcome of this habit is on the one hand a degree of shiftlessness compared with which Mr. Micawber's waiting for something to

turn up was sublimated worldly wisdom, and on the other a lively expectation of daily miracles in which the most spoiled thaumaturgus of the Middle Ages never ventured to indulge.* The groundwork of the average Russian's life-philosophy is composed of two fundamental maxims, one being the Russian equivalent for Mr. Toots's favorite dictum, "It's of no consequence" (*vsidh roundh*), and the other an untranslatable term (*avoss*) sometimes rendered by "mayhap," or "somehow," but in reality a sort of sacramental formula, shifting to the Fates the responsibility for the consequences of a hope entertained or an act to be performed, and challenging them to intervene and set at naught the laws of the universe, even to the extent of saving the life of him who is recklessly rushing upon destruction.

Hence the persistent refusal of the Russian to shape and vary his actions according to the objects in view, for he has a deep-rooted feeling that all his words and deeds, however incongruous or wide of the mark, are endowed with some mysterious power of righting themselves automatically, and like Vathék's sabre will do their work independently of the incompetency or clumsiness of him who uses them. "It will all be ground up fine and make excellent flour," is one of his favorite proverbs, when speaking of the tares and sweepings of life that so often mix with, and outweigh its corn, and he continues cheerfully to let things take their own course, confident that everything will be for the best at last. This childlike or childish faith is made manifest in a thousand ways, all equally hurtful to the interests of society. It emboldens him to reverse Napoleon's rule of life and leave as much to chance as is consistent with his keeping outside a prison and a lunatic asylum; thus it imparts to a railway built over crumbling embankments † and laid on rotten, half-burnt sleepers ‡ the strength it should have received from nature and engineering skill; it supports tottering railway bridges over which no sensible man would consent to forward his furni-

* Grass and a substitute for bread ingeniously made of the powdered bark of a tree flavored with flour is sometimes the staple food of the worst-off of these modern *booskol*, who, when unfortunate or fortunate enough to be destitute of even this sorry apology for sustenance, have no alternative but sheer starvation, and, like the dumb, patient ox, after lowing in vain for fodder, lie down and die without a murmur. (Cf. *Moscow Gazette*, April 10th, 1883; January 18th, 1883; and the *Journal Day*, 25th March, 1888.) It is astonishing, and of good augury, that in spite of the scant reasons they have for hugging life, they seldom think of passing through what Epictetus calls the "open door," and that having emulated the sect of the *Grassers* from dire necessity, they do not imitate that of the *Circumcelliones* or suicides from deliberate choice. But the Russian character is one mass of inconsistencies.

* That this presumptuous hope is not always vain is obvious to those who remember the details of the railway accident last October at Borki, when, by a curious freak of chance, the imperial family had a hairbreadth escape from death.

† Cf. the terrible railway catastrophe at Kukuieff, near Kursk, the victims of which were very numerous, although their exact number never was known.

‡ Cf. the Russian newspapers, during the first ten days of last November, *passim*. One of the causes of the accident at Borki to the imperial train was declared to be the sleepers, which were made of charred wood taken from a forest that had been on fire.

ture in a goods train;* it encourages architects to build vast public and private edifices — like that lately erected by the merchants of Moscow — which a sudden gust of wind or the shaking of the soil by passing vans causes to fall down like the wall of Jericho at the shout of the men of Joshua, and crush to death more victims than were buried alive by their pagan ancestors in the foundation of whole cities; it keeps them of good cheer when, as jurymen trying prisoners for grave crimes, they send one man to Siberia and let another dangerous criminal loose upon society solely because they are in a hurry to get home to supper and to bed, or because the next day is a holiday;† it makes them feel that they are putting their interests wholly in the hands of Providence when they send out utterly unseaworthy vessels like the ill-fated *Vesta*, which a heavy sea will swallow up with the lives of all on board; and it preserves them from that momentary qualm of conscience which made even that pillar of society (Cf. Ibsen's play), Consul Bernick, anxious to have Rector Rörund's absolution in one form or another before despatching the Indian Girl; in a word, it gives the highest conceivable sanction to acts of commission and omission which nothing short of a revelation in thunders and lightnings could have justified in the old ages of theocracy, and only proven lunacy could excuse in most civilized countries to-day. In Russia these acts are not held to be criminal, and, considering the intellectual and moral level of the mass of the people, it would be very hard if they were. The following case in point, deliberately chosen for its comparative tameness, will help to explain what is meant. There are about twenty-five

hundred steamers, barges, and various small trading vessels on the river Volga every year, towards the conclusion of the fair of Nischny Novgorod, the comparative safety of which is as much the result of mere chance in the face of immense odds as is that of little children abandoned to themselves, over whom a special Providence is popularly said to watch. "Wherever you look," says M. Lender, who has written on the subject, "you find that the regulations laid down with a view to insure the safety of the shipping are continually broken through, especially at night. Here the lamps on the mast are not lighted, there a barge is lying in such a position that the first vessel that comes along must inevitably run into her. Another boat takes up its place in the very centre of the channel where all the vessels that go in or out must pass, and although the night is pitch dark the crew have not the slightest fear for their safety or for that of their craft. To their thinking it lies there quite as secure as in a garden pond. The police boat, however, approaches; the usual summons is called out, but on the barge everything is silent as death. No one answers; no one stirs. The summons is repeated — but still there is no response. A man is sent to board the barge; he seeks for the crew and finds them stowed away in out-of-the-way places, their loud snoring the only sign of life. At last he succeeds in waking them up and a drowsy, half-dressed man appears, between whom and the representative of the police the following dialogue ensues: 'Why don't you light the lamps?' 'Because all the candles are used up.' 'Well, then, why do you take up your position right in the middle of the channel that has to be kept clear for steamers? A steamer will surely run into you and smash your boat to pieces!' 'Oh, your honor, we hope not. God is merciful.'* A few weeks ago, in one of the country districts near Petersburg, one of those fires broke out which periodically destroy scores of houses owing to the inflammable material of which they are built, and to the absence of fire-extinguishing apparatus. The members of the district police, whose duty it was to go and assist in putting it out, stayed on in the coffee-house where they were, and when asked by anxious civilians where the fire was, replied, 'How do we know? Somewhere there.'†

This mixture of irreligious faith and

* Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 7th September, 1889.

† This is not a flower of rhetoric, but a statement founded on numerous facts, of which the following is a specimen. In Borissoglebsk, government of Tamboff, in December, 1886, a peasant woman was tried for the poisoning of her husband, the evidence being such as no British jury would convict upon. The Russian jury unhesitatingly found her guilty, and she was formally condemned to banishment from European Russia for life, and to some years' hard labor in those mines of Siberia which have lately been so vividly described. The next day that same jury, refreshed and bright after a good night's rest, spontaneously declared to the court that they had brought in their verdict, knowing it to be — incorrect, because they were very tired at the time, and that they were now desirous of having it quashed. The court accepted the statement, and decided to lay the case before the Senate. Were the jury punished, one naturally asks, for this flagrant violation of their solemn oath? The answer is to be found in the newspaper which reported the case (*Voronezh Telegraph*, 24th December, and the *Kharkoff Governmental Gazette*, 28th December, 1886), which sympathetically concludes with this equivocal remark: "The conduct of the jury met with universal approval."

* Cf. also *Svetl*, 12th June, 1889.

† Cf. *Graschdanin*, 24th August, 1889.

presumptuous hope lies at the root of most of the crimes and avoidable accidents of which a large part of contemporary Russian history is composed. It is rank Malebrancheism in the sphere of ethics; a belief that mere mortals are but the occasions of all their so-called acts, which are really performed by God or fate, the sole efficient cause, who can shape and form them as he pleases. "Man may walk, but it is God who leads him," is a Russian proverb which the French Oratorian might have taken for the motto of his "*Recherches*." This baneful belief tinges all the qualities of head and heart which it has not actually created, transforming even virtues into positive vices.

If hospitality were, as the Talmud teaches, the pith and marrow of divine worship, then Russians might claim to be a pre-eminently religious people; for there is no other European, and perhaps no inhabitant of any other country in the globe, who will more cheerfully share his last loaf with the hungry stranger than the Russian peasant or merchant. Nor is this custom in Russia, as in civilized countries, confined to the poorer classes, whose generosity proverbially increases with their indigence. Ungrudging, genial hospitality, suggestive of that which characterized the contemporaries of Abraham, is almost as marked a feature of the higher classes as of the lower. Thus the inconveniences resulting from the absence of hotels and inns in the interior of Russia is more than counterbalanced by the spontaneous and cordial hospitality dispensed with consummate tact by landowners, proprietors and directors of factories, marshals of the nobility, and others, who practically keep open house; and if they do not often entertain angels unawares, never at least expose themselves to the danger of making awkward biographical discoveries, by putting indiscreet questions to their passing guests. Once while staying on a visit at the house of a friend in one of the southern governments—a Russian Squire Hardcastle—a day rarely passed that I did not meet at least one such traveller at table. They were generally men of some education, but of whose pedigree, antecedents, and intentions my host knew far less than history knows about those of the Iron Mask. I never saw more than one at a time, though sometimes as many as three are entertained simultaneously. They seldom stayed longer than two days, and generally only a day and a night; were shown into a comfortable bedroom and invited to take their meals with the host

and hostess, whom they usually endeavored to entertain with the political news of the day.

Hospitality has been aptly termed the virtue of benevolent barbarism. There are aspects of it, however, which might well be named vices, if only they who practise them were tutored enough to distinguish the boundary line where virtue ends and vice begins. And these are precisely the forms of it which one most frequently meets with in Russia, where numbers of families, lately prosperous or wealthy, are yearly reduced to beggary by hospitality as ruinous and as meaningless as that of Timon of Athens. I am personally acquainted with several noble families of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who spend on the dinners and *soirées* which they give during the season, a sum of money equivalent to their yearly income—which, it should be remarked, is not large according to British ideas. A friend of mine, a general, was wont to languish with his family for weeks on Lenten fare, in order to be in a position to give a *recherché* dinner to his friends twice or thrice a year. The wedding dinners of the merchants—often attended by utter strangers; the funeral banquets given to commemorate the death of a husband, wife, or parent; the feasting during the Carnival and in Easter week, makes almost as strong demands on the purse of the host as on the health of the guests. "Help your guest till he cannot lift his food over his lip" is the popular maxim bearing upon the exercise of hospitality, which is too literally observed by the middle classes.

Hinc subitæ mortes atque intestata senectus.

Fortunes are as recklessly squandered in this way by the Russians of to-day as they were by the Romans of the Empire. What has remained, for instance, of the princely fortunes of Prince V—sky, of Prince D., who has to entertain at times members of the imperial family, of the late Prince S. D., but scraps andavings which taken all together would not have sufficed to keep Apicius, the Roman, from committing suicide. It is no secret that a very large proportion of the noble families of the two capitals whose brilliant *soirées* and at-homes are the talk of the press and the wonder of foreign ambassadors, are living greatly beyond their income, some of them actually lacking the means of paying their men and maid-servants their paltry monthly wages. Numbers of generals are well-known bankrupts, the third or half of whose salaries is

monthly deducted by the Treasury and handed over to their creditors.* It would seem as if what Carlyle calls "the great bottomless pit of bankruptcy," were ominously yawning under this entire system of acted unverity. But the thought, if it occurs to his mind, has no terrors for the Russian fatalist, who, like the reckless revellers of plague-stricken Florence described by Boccaccio, continues gaily to amuse himself on the brink of ruin. Every Russian, whatever his social position, his means, or his needs, beginning with the czar and ending with the scullion, deems it a sort of sacred duty to entertain his friends and relations on the festival of his patron saint, many spending their last borrowed coin upon these ruinous merry-makings, and, like Dick Swiveller, turning whole streets into no-thoroughfares bristling with impatient creditors.

Another of the visible effects of fatalism, to which I can scarcely do more than allude, and which created unfeigned surprise in the French, who lately had an opportunity of studying it in certain productions of Russian literature, is repentance, or rather what the Russians mistake for it, confession of guilt. "Samovar et repentir," exclaimed the French critics who sat in judgment on Ostroffsky's drama, "The Thunderstorm," "are the two salient symbols of Russian civilization." When a Russian unburdens his breast of a crime, even though eager and anxious to repeat it, he feels that he has made what the apostle Paul terms "confession unto salvation," and is authorized to begin a new score forthwith. Indeed the popular proverb, which is at bottom merely the embodiment of the popular practice, says as much: "He who confesses has repented, and he who has repented has wiped out his sin." Nothing is more striking or characteristic in the annals of Russian criminal justice than the almost mathematical certainty with which one can predict that a person arrested on suspicion, even though there be no legal proofs of guilt, and no likelihood of their ever being obtained, will take the *juge d'instruction* into his confidence, and glibly relate every detail of his share in the transaction. Out of sixty five criminal cases taken at random, I find that in forty-eight the prisoners were convicted on their own confession, and in most of the

remainder there was no need for self-accusation, as the criminals were caught red-handed, in *flagrante delicto*. Were it not for this, only a fraction of the criminal population now arrested and brought to trial every year would be molested by the police, who are deservedly held to be the most inefficient detectors of crime in Europe.

E. B. LANIN.

From Chambers' Journal.

GIBRALTAR A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE celebration of the tercentenary of the Armada raised a transitory interest in Spanish history, and, consequently, in anything connected with our occupation of the mighty rock-fortress of Gibraltar, to obtain which so many hard-fought battles and sieges have been withstood, and to retain which requires a strong garrison of troops ever ready for any possible though not probable emergency. A perusal of the archives of the garrison since it came into our possession in 1704 gives a little insight into the curious customs and mode of carrying on the government of the place; and the following extracts, collected from the general orders published between 1700 and 1800, will no doubt prove interesting.

Desertion seems to have been a source of much trouble to successive governors of Gibraltar. In September, 1757, the following general order was issued: "Four men will be shot for desertion on Windmill Hill in presence of the whole garrison. *By order of the court-martial.*" These poor fellows fared badly; and no doubt a similar fate would have befallen the four men referred to in the next extract, but for the kind recommendation of the Spanish general: "In accordance with the convention, the Spaniards have returned to the garrison four deserters. The Spanish general having been pleased to beg the governor not to inflict the full penalty, it is hereby ordered that three of them have a yellow paper put in their hats, written 'Traitor to the King, Country, and Religion,' and the other, who has added robbery to his crime, has a green paper, with 'Traitor to his King, Country, and Religion, and a Thief,' and be marched through the town."

In some cases it would appear that "one more chance" was given, according to the humanity or temper for the time being of the governor; for instance: "James Jewett, of Brigadier Clayton's regiment, has

* It is the privilege of Russian officers to enjoy immunity from the bankruptcy laws. When one of these cannot meet his liabilities his superfluous property is sold and part of his pay handed over to his creditors: one-third if he is married; one-half if single.

been shot; he, with five other men, having been condemned for desertion. At the place of execution, two were reprieved, and the remainder drew lots for their lives. Jewett being the loser." And not only were the soldiers themselves sufferers, but the officer came in for a share of the penalty when the deserter escaped altogether: "Be it known for the future that if any officer's servant desert when absent from the regiment, the said officer shall replace him with a good recruit, or pay twenty-five dollars for the non-effective."

Summary vengeance was also placed in the power of the sentries, as would appear from the following: "Yesterday, during bathing, one of the soldiers had the audacity to swim off and desert. Sentries are now commanded to fire on any man who swims beyond fifty yards and refuses to return when ordered."

Punishments were heavy and swift; and no doubt the discipline of the garrison required a strong hand. For example: "Private Thomas — to receive ten hundred lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, so much of the punishment as he can bear to be received at one time on the Grand Parade, and the rest afterwards; the last fifty lashes will be administered by the common hangman between the Southport and Waterport gates, where he will be drummed out of the garrison with a halter round his neck."

Occasionally, when special works were being executed and labor was costly, it was found an advantage to give prisoners a chance of avoiding some part of their sentence. In 1749, General Bland issued the subjoined order: "Men sentenced by court-martial to corporal punishment may commute the same by working on the new road to the signal station, as follows: fifty to one hundred lashes, one day's work; one hundred to two hundred lashes, two days' work; and so on. *By Order,*

GENERAL BLAND."

Politics could not be so freely indulged in as at the present day, for "Mr. — is hereby ordered out of the garrison for drinking the health of the Pretender. If he has not left in two hours from this, he will be forcibly turned out."

The post of executioner at the period must have been anything but a sinecure. He required special protection. "Samuel Lewis having been duly appointed executioner for this garrison, the governor orders that no person shall offer any abuse to the said Lewis, either by throwing stones or striking or upraising him on account of his unpleasant duties — on

pain of the severest punishment." And the above order being ineffectual, we find shortly afterwards that "Notwithstanding the order lately issued, the governor finds that Lewis the executioner has been abused by soldiers and others throwing stones at him, breaking his head, and maltreating him grossly. Whoever shall be found, hereafter, acting in a similar manner in face of these orders shall be whipped severely by the said executioner until he is satisfied."

The jailer, even, was not allowed to possess a feeling heart, as the following order implies: "It is reported that the provost-sergeant of the Moorish castle does not inflict the whole of the punishment awarded to prisoners under his care. Now it is ordered that, in future, when this occurs he shall receive the remainder himself."

The common executioner was not the only person who became obnoxious to the inhabitants. On the occasion of the visit to the garrison of the alcalde of Tetuan it became necessary to appoint a man specially to protect him and his suite: "During the visit of the alcalde of Tetuan an orderly sergeant shall be attached to the Moor who is his secretary, to prevent the sailors or soldiers abusing him and his countrymen."

Gambling and billiard-playing were rife then, as now: "Billiards shall not be played after second gun-fire in the evening, on peril of having the table broken to pieces and burned on the public parade." "Gaming, especially the game of 'Devil-and-the-Taylors' and 'skittles,' will not be allowed in any winehouse." "Between June 1st and September 13th no soldier will be allowed to play at fives."

Robbery had to be dealt with in the absence of police and detectives. Amongst the troops, petty pilfering of the food and clothing having been discovered, an order was issued to meet the case: "It having been divulged that soldiers have a method of surreptitiously disposing of their necessities, which they call 'fighting a cock,' the governor now positively orders that this practice be discontinued, otherwise the men belonging to the barrack-room where this custom takes place will pay the value of the said necessities." And as this was not successful, possibly from favoritism, the governor determined to make some one responsible: "It being evident that no robberies can be committed but what may be discovered by the sergeants and corporals, it is ordered that they pay for all if the offender is not

brought to light." When a robber was caught he was made an example of: "John —, who committed the robbery at the storehouse, will be executed at guard-mounting to-morrow morning at the said storehouse. The body, with a label on the breast, on which is written the word 'Plunderer,' to remain hanging till sunset."

Not only were the rations of the soldiers stolen, but the charges actually abstracted from the guns, for what purpose other than mischief is mysterious: "Some evil person having been so unsoldierlike and scandalous as to have drawn the charges and stolen the gunpowder from eighteen guns, a reward of one hundred dollars is offered for the detection of the infamous thief. The punishment is death."

At last, a general order was promulgated, calling upon the civil inhabitants to turn themselves into special constables for the putting down of crime: "Every night, certain inhabitants armed with a permit from the town-major must patrol the streets to prevent robberies. The military patrols are not to interfere with them, but must render assistance if required. And during the day, officers and non-commissioned officers commanding guards are to send out patrols frequently with their arms unloaded to kill every dog they see going about the streets. They are not to fire at any dog, but to kill by stabbing or some other way."

The extermination of dogs here referred to must have been a wholesome practice worthy of imitation at the present time, when the streets of the garrison are overrun by mongrels of all shapes and sizes. Many of these are, however, only day visitors from Spain, trained to smuggle tobacco, which is fixed upon their backs and sides like pack-saddles; in which state they are sent off to their homes in the Spanish lines, running the chance of a stray shot from some carabinero.

Horses and donkeys appear to have been a sort of annoyance to the governor at some period, for he gives notice that, "Any donkeys loose in the town are to become the property of the person taking them away; and any straying on the ramparts are to be shot by the sentries." "If any horses are found on the hill to-morrow, the governor will order out a firing-party and shoot them." And, again, he aims a blow at horse-racing: "In consequence of the rioting and disorders which happened yesterday, the governor expressly forbids any more horse-racing." But this has since been rescinded, as rac-

ing is now one of the chief amusements of the garrison.

The sentries at the English lines required continual watching and strict discipline to keep them up to their duties. The orders dealing with them are very numerous, and a few of the most quaint are selected. Here is a funny one: "The court-martial assembled to decide whether a sentry quitting his post before relieved, or found sleeping on duty, should be punished by 'running the gantlet,' or whipped at his post, according to the custom of the garrison ever since it came into the hands of the English; resolved, that in consequence of the scarcity of twigs, 'running the gantlet' cannot be continued, and the duty of the garrison being very heavy, no time can be spared to collect them."

The following may have acted as a suggestion to Lord Wolseley: "It is intended shortly to issue a little treatise or pocket-book for the instruction of officers and soldiers of this garrison, wherein they may learn what is in future to be considered a breach of duty deserving punishment. From it they will discover that a sentry-box and a shower of rain can justify a sentry in acting in a manner that has hitherto been looked upon as a most notorious breach of discipline."

When the gates were locked at evening gun-fire, a special salute was required for the keys: "All guards to rest and beat a march to the keys, town-guard excepted." And a good attempt at keeping sentries awake was devised by this order: "All sentries who do not cry out 'All's well' every two minutes shall be punished with two hundred lashes."

The art of saluting gracefully was duly impressed upon the troops, even at this early date: "When a soldier passes an officer, he shall look him respectfully in the face and carry his hand gracefully to his head in salute."

From the next excerpt it would appear that some special distaste for the duty was felt by the sergeant-major referred to, or surely a verbal command to attend the court-martial would have met the case: "Captain — being appointed president of the court-martial to be holden to-morrow, the sergeant-major of his regiment will attend the said court and write down the proceedings."

At the commencement of the present century, an epidemic of smallpox visited the rock. This caused the issue of an order stating that "Cowpox being not so contagious as smallpox, a general inoculation for the former disease is hereby

ordered." And afterwards, the sight of victims being obnoxious to the inhabitants, an order was put out defining that "People marked with the smallpox are not permitted to stand at their doors or go into the streets. No mackerel to be suffered to come into town. *By order.*" Where the "mackerel joke"—if it is a joke—comes in, is not sufficiently explicit. And when scurvy attacked the troops, thirty thousand lemons and two thousand pounds of onions were issued in accordance with the order quoted below: "Lemons and onions will be issued to the troops without stint, on account of the prevailing scurvy."

The following summary order speaks for itself: "Ships coming into the bay without showing their colors are to be fired upon, and the cost of the shot recovered when the port-dues are collected."

The creditors of the civil and military inhabitants had evidently been "walking round" the governor previous to the publication of the following: "When the bounty-money is paid, all good soldiers are expected to pay their debts, and it is recommended to all volunteers also to apply at least half of the amount in a similar liquidation."

Fishermen supplying fish to the garrison seem to have been somewhat arbitrarily dealt with. An order was early promulgated that no fish whatever was to be offered for sale until the governor's table was supplied; but in 1759 this edict was modified by Lord Home as follows: "It having been represented to the governor that the practice of bringing fish to the convent for selection by his Excellency's servant, before being allowed to dispose of same to the general public, was a hurt to them, Lord Home hereby cancels that order; but commands that they do not sell or dispose of any of their fish before the governor's servant has bought what may be required for his table; and the servant employed for that purpose will have orders to be early at the market every morning, and to acquaint the officer of the guard as soon as he has bought sufficient."

It is apparent that considerable jealousy and bickering were engendered by the fish question. The governor having been supplied, various favored individuals got the next pick, to the annoyance of the general public; and upon representing the matter to the authorities, the following general order came out: "Whereas several fishermen have offended by bringing their best fish into the town for particular persons,

instead of displaying it in the public market—it is ordered that all fish must be sold there in future, and none hawked or sold about the town on pain of the man being seized and the fish forfeited."

What gave rise to the next extracted order is not disclosed: "The governor hopes that for the future no person living in the garrison will send out any letter, parchment, or anything else into Spain through the Landport gate, without first acquainting him and obtaining his sanction." Nor why there should have been any necessity to give orders like the following: "Any man who has the misfortune to be killed is to be buried by the guard where it happens, and his clothes sent to his regiment."

Here is a general order defining where, how, and when people may walk on fine evenings: "Inhabitants are permitted to perambulate the streets of the town or the road to the New Mole and South Barracks till nine P.M. without a light. After that hour, no one will be permitted to be without a light; and no inhabitant can be out after ten without a permit as well as a light."

The "powdered-hair-and-queue" period was one of considerable anxiety to the government, as would appear from the following precise general order: "In consequence of some officers not having hair long enough, and finding it difficult to form a queue to their head, it is ordered that such officers may, for a period restricted to two months, during which time the hair will grow, be permitted to fix a queue otherwise. But on no account will the two months be extended."

Again: "On account of the scarcity of flour, no soldier will be allowed to powder his hair till further orders; and to economize cartridges, each man will have a charge of powder issued to him in a cane, and a loose ball, which he will carry in the cock of his hat." The last mandate was, however, due to the scarcity of provisions and ammunition at a moment of peril. Butter, too, ran short: "In consequence of the scarcity of butter, an additional supply of bread will be issued as an equivalent."

Then, on the unexpected arrival of more troops, the following order became necessary: "In consequence of the want of barrack accommodation, it is ordered that the four regiments of Kerr, Pearce, Egerton, and Bisset sleep their men three in a bed, and as many beds in a room as possible. These arrangements to be made in the morning."

Various governors have been much exercised how to prevent suicides, and their detestation of the crime may be assumed from a perusal of the following orders: "It is the general's order that Edmund — of the —th regiment be placed upon the gibbet at the top of the hill, as a mark of ignominy for his abominable stupidity and wickedness in disobeying the laws of God by committing suicide." "A man of the —th regiment has been so wicked and cowardly as to hang himself. The commanding officer is ordered therefore to put all possible disgrace on such a heinous crime, and treat the corpse with the greatest ignominy. No funeral service shall be held over it; but the body shall be hung, heels upwards, for two hours, and then flung over the line wall like a cat or dog." "Yesterday was discovered the skeleton of a soldier at the foot of the rock, broken to pieces and otherwise unrecognizable. The only marks to distinguish which regiment he belonged to were the letters 'J. Y.' on his stockings. Any regiment having lost such a man will apply to the town-major forthwith and claim his bones."

These were the good old days, when the commander-in-chief was permitted to carry an umbrella without giving offence to the nation: "No soldier or officer (except the commander-in-chief) shall carry an umbrella when on duty." Still, there was an evident wish on the part of the government to retain as far as possible the military appearance of the troops: "The general desires to express his astonishment at meeting an officer coming from Spain dressed in a large straw hat and an umbrella; and, as if to add to the burlesque, another officer riding behind him. The general forbids any such indecency in future, and will not grant permits to any officer dressed in such an unmilitary manner."

Funerals must have been performed in rather a perfunctory way to necessitate this order: "Chaplains attending funerals will please see that the grave is fully six feet deep before allowing the corpse to be lowered, and more particularly in the case of sailors buried without coffins. And also to see that the grave is properly filled up."

Here is an encouraging notice, such as we may never expect to see issued in these red-tapey days: "Several valuable suggestions having been made to the governor lately by officers of the garrison, which have been or may be adopted and prove advantageous to the king's service, he

wishes to invite further useful observations and hints from officers of all ranks, assuring them that such beneficial discoveries will be publicly acknowledged at the proper time by the proper authorities."

The following orders refer to the salutes to be fired on the king's birthday: "All the guns in the garrison to be fired on the king's birthday." "This year [1788] fifty guns will be fired for the king, and twenty-one for the queen."

We have saved the most important notice till the conclusion, because we believe the offer contained therein has not yet been accepted, and it may meet the eye of the delinquent or his descendants: "Some gentleman visiting the governor has taken a hat belonging to Mr. —, and left his own in its place. The governor gives notice that the owner of the remaining one may exchange hats at the convent, if he pleases."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SCHOLASTIC ISLAND.

AN island almost entirely given up to education is about the last thing one would expect to find in the Levant; nevertheless in the Sea of Marmora, about ten miles from Constantinople and within sight of its minarets, such an anomaly exists and flourishes exceedingly. The island is called "Chalki" by the Greeks, and "Saddlebags" by the Turks from its resemblance to those indispensable adjuncts to Eastern travel when suspended from the back of a mule.

Chalki is one of the Princes Islands, close to that unfortunate rock on which Henry Bulwer wrecked his diplomatic career, and this curious development of educational establishments upon it is due to the fact that these Princes Islands have for centuries enjoyed comparative tranquillity, and immunity from those political catastrophes which have well-nigh ruined the rest of Turkey. They have in their seagirt strength been a haven for peace-loving Greeks and other nationalities ever since Mahomet the Second gave them a species of home rule which still exists; that is to say, they govern themselves by municipal bodies of their own, they are exceedingly lightly taxed, and they carry out their own improvements after a Western fashion which appears quite out of character in the Levant. These favorable circumstances have combined to make Prinkipo, the largest of the group, the

favorite retreat of the merchants of Constantinople, and hence a perfect insular Babel, as may be judged from the fact that in fourteen adjoining villas fourteen different tongues are spoken. These well-to-do men have combined to make their island comfortable in every way; they have just constructed a road, eight miles long, which goes the circuit of their island, and their villas have all the modern improvements, from electric bells to fashionable wall-papers; whereas Chalki, the second island in point of size, is entirely given up to education, and possesses two celebrated institutions, namely, the commercial and theological colleges, which provide for the young Greeks of Constantinople the best education that can be got in Turkey.

Intent on making a study of these we took the island-steamer which dropped us at the small port of Chalki, a thriving wood-built village bristling with *cafés* and restaurants to entrap summer pleasure-seekers from the capital. But our business was not with these, so forthwith we started along an excellent road through the pine forest and up a gentle slope to visit the large Greek commercial school, which is built on the site of an old monastery dedicated to the Virgin, nestling in a hollow amongst the pines overhanging the sea.

During this century educational activity has been marked amongst the modern Hellenes, and two incentives to jealousy are said to have driven the Greek merchants of Constantinople to endow this gigantic school at which their children could receive a first-rate commercial education; the first incentive being the great educational development in free Hellas and the university lately erected at Athens, whilst the second was the American institution at Robert College which initiated the same course for the Christians in Turkey. Be this as it may, the merchants of Constantinople joined together, bought out, at a reasonably cheap sum, the monks of the monastery of Panagia in Chalki, and erected the hideous building we were about to visit, a perfect eyesore in one of nature's most favored nooks.

The boys were pouring out of their common-room, where masters and pupils dine together, as we approached, and were tumbling over one another and playing in the large quadrangle just as English boys would do; but as we stood and watched them the contrast between these Levantines and our own boys at home struck us forcibly. They were for the most part

swarthy and puny, precocious and ill-countenanced; even the young ones showed a sufficiency of moustache and whiskers to cause any English young man of twenty a keen spasm of jealousy; and there can be no doubt of this precocity when you peruse the rules drawn up for their observance; one canon forbids them the use of "aromatic oils, and other aids to beauty;" another forbids all correspondence save with parents and guardians; no pocket-money is allowed, no novels, no box with a lock and key; and there is also a strict rule, pointing to the commercial capacity of these youngsters, which visits with condign punishment those who sell, exchange, or otherwise make away with their clothes, the wardrobe-keeper having strict orders to keep a book notifying therein the belongings of each, and to see to their regular return.

Our arrival at this juncture was most opportune, for it enabled us to have a long talk with the head-master, anent the management of his school, while his pupils were at play. At the present moment he has one hundred and fifty pupils, sons of the principal Greek families in Turkey, the future leaders of the Greek nationality in the Eastern capital; he is responsible to a governing body (*épopía*) for the management of the establishment, and the maintenance of the rules they have drawn up not only for pupils but for masters. Some of these rules for the under-masters struck me as peculiarly severe; they are obliged to eat, sleep, and walk with the boys, to go to bed half an hour after, and to get up half an hour before them, which must be a serious consideration, since the big bell for all to rise is rung at five winter and summer (except on saints' days, when half an hour's law is given), and nine is the general hour for retiring to rest. During the day the preceptors are allowed two hours for repose and solitude; for the rest of the time a master at Chalki school has nothing to expect but turmoil and publicity.

The cost of education at Chalki is fifty Turkish pounds a year including everything, save the iron bedstead, the mattress and the necessaries which each boy brings with him. I made inquiries concerning punishments, judging from the appearance of the boys that stringent measures must frequently be necessary, and was surprised to learn that corporal punishment is never resorted to, only imprisonment and expulsion. The holidays consist only of two months in the summer; but boys may go away for the "season of twelve days" at

Christmas, if they have been good, and can get leave.

The most interesting part of our conversation with the head-master was on the subject of the classes and the course of education pursued. It was amusing to investigate how a Greek teaches Greek, and how a Greek boy learns the first elements of that commerce in which he will doubtless become so expert in after life. There are eight separate classes at Chalki, of which the most elementary, for boys of eight, teaches only modern Greek, prose and poetry, besides the elements of mathematics, French, geography, and the fine arts. The second class introduces some simple phrases in ancient Greek for parsing, commences natural science, and teaches Roman and Byzantine history. The third class aspires to Xenophon, and the fourth brings into the course of studies elementary Latin phrases and Greek history. On reaching the fifth class the pupil is introduced to Plato, and commences his commercial education with book-keeping, and also adds Turkish to the list of his studies. The sixth class learns Demosthenes, Thucydides, Herodotus, and Homer, also logarithms and shorthand. The seventh class composes Greek verses in the ancient tongue, and adds to the other abstruse subjects, physical science, dynamics, and modern history with special reference to the Eastern question. I was beginning to wonder what could possibly be left for the top class to learn, when the head-master abruptly concluded by stating that his finished scholars aimed at perfection in the foregoing subjects, and only added to the list logic and political economy.

I expressed surprise at the little attention given to modern languages except French and Turkish in a course which professes to be commercial, but the master told me that the young Greeks of Constantinople are born polyglots. English and German may be learnt as extras, but French was the only language they cared to teach classically and accurately.

We then discussed lighter subjects, and he told us an amusing story about that *bête noire* of education in Turkey, the censor of the press, Midhat Pasha, whose restrictions in most cases are puerile in the extreme. He had, he told me, lately sent to England for a consignment of Shakespeares for the use of the boys who learnt "extra English." These the censor looked at with critical eyes, and at once forbade the teaching of "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet," recalling as

they did, in their tragedies the sad fate of Abdul Aziz; but he kindly allowed them to be going on with the "Midsummer Night's Dream" until he had leisure to cast his eyes through the other plays.

We next had a little talk with the *oconomos*, or steward, who caters for the boys, and in point of diet we thought there was nothing left to desire. For the rest of the time at our disposal we wandered over the building and saw the class-rooms and the dormitories, which rival in their comfort any at home, and then went to the church, which is very old, an inscription telling us that it had been built by "Maria Comnena, the beloved consort of the Emperor John Palæologus," who was the founder of the monastery. A remarkable but little-known man who had great influence at Constantinople in the seventeenth century is buried here. He was a Cypriote Greek, by name Panagiotaki, a great linguist, astronomer, and mathematician, who in his position as dragoman to the Austrian Embassy did great things for Greek freedom. He recovered for his countrymen many of the rights they had lost; he returned to their keeping many of their holy places, restoring at his own expense many of their monasteries, including this one at Chalki, which had been much injured during the taking of Constantinople by the Turks; in short, he did more for the preservation of Hellenism than any one man before or after him, an admirable example for the young Greeks who to-day worship over his grave.

We determined, on leaving the commercial school, to take a long and pleasant walk round the island with a view to driving the cobwebs from our brains before we laid siege to the theological institution. In addition to its scholastic reputation, Chalki has also become renowned as the retreat of hermits. Some years ago a wealthy Greek merchant, Antonios Scimas by name, was lost from his home and his office in Constantinople. After searching for him high and low, with no result, his wife and family began to fear that he had been spirited away by evilly designed persons (like Alexander Patoff in Mr. Marion Crawford's tale) when news came that he had been discovered in hermit's garb on the top of the hill at Chalki. He refused all entreaties to return to his home and his ordinary life, and handing over his worldly goods to his wife for her consolation, remained where he was till his death, which occurred four years ago, a strict ascetic in his cell. His example was followed by several others who had grown

weary of this world's vanities, and to the cell of one of these, Arsenios by name, we went.

The comfort that these latter-day ascetics indulge in was remarkably different from all one's preconceived ideas of the life of those men who, poorly clad and eating nothing but herbs, remain exposed to all the changes of weather for righteousness' sake. On the contrary, the holy Arsenios has built himself a most comfortable house. In his guest-chamber where he received me was a soft divan, before which stood a nice warm brazier of charcoal, for the day was cold; the adjoining room served him for a dining-room, and a third chamber was his church, where he performs his penances and nocturnal vigils. Verily the life of an anchorite of the nineteenth century is not so bad after all, for many guests visit him in summer, and all the year round he enjoys from his windows a view of excessive loveliness over the Sea of Marmora dotted with islands, with the snow-capped heights of the Mysian Olympus for a background.

Up on the hill above Arsenios, in the cell of the runaway husband, lives now another hermit, but time would not permit us to visit him; so keeping down by the shore we skirted a lovely little bay, where a lot of wooden erections mark the spot where in summer time the poorer inhabitants of Constantinople repair with their beds and their cooking utensils to take sea-baths. All around the pine-trees murmur softly in the breeze, and the rich redness of the soil told us that we were near the copper mines which in former ages gained for Chalki its reputation and its name. We returned to the village for refreshment, and then proceeded to lay siege to the second of Chalki's celebrated scholastic institutions, the theological college.

Given in full the establishment rejoices in the name of "The Theological College of the Great Church of Christ," and it is not only the leading institution of its kind in Turkey, but also the oldest in the Orthodox Church, dating from Byzantine times. It is supported, says the prospectus, by "the gifts and offerings of education-loving Christians," and the governing body is under the immediate supervision of the patriarch of Constantinople and the Holy Synod; while the direction of the school itself is placed in the hands of a principal appointed by the patriarch, who must be ordained and a man of "recognized virtue and probity."

The college is a large monastic building

crowning a wooded eminence; its roof is red and its walls are yellow, and it is most picturesquely buried in tall pines, cypresses and fine old olive-trees. Inscribed over the porch are some doggerel verses in modern Greek, which welcome the stranger to "the sacred island of the Propontis, the seat of theological learning." In the eyes of the Orthodox Church Chalki is quite hallowed ground, not only on account of this theological monastery, but also because as many as ten of the patriarchs of Constantinople have been buried therein.

On entering the courtyard we sent at once to the principal, but as he was engaged for the moment with his scholars we had a little time at our disposal for examining the courtyard and the cells around it, constructed on the lines of a monastery. In the centre stood the little church which is exceedingly rich in carvings, sacred pictures, and the usual decorative paraphernalia of a Greek church; it is moreover a very old edifice, having been built by one Photios in the ninth, and rebuilt by one Metrophanos in the sixteenth century. This Metrophanos was a man of curious history, who, the son of a tile-maker and born in a small village on the Bosphoros, rose to be successively Archbishop of Cappadocia and patriarch of Constantinople; of this latter post he was deprived on a charge of simony, which was probably true, as he received on retirement the charge of two dioceses, one of which he sold and lived in the other. Some of the students of the college are always to be found in this church, busy in the performance of a devotional programme which would satisfy the most ardent ritualist.

On Easter Sunday a curious ceremony is kept up here, a ceremony which they profess to have maintained ever since the days of the apostles, namely, that of reading a passage of the Gospel of St. John (xx. 19-24) in as many as twenty-seven different tongues. First they read a paraphrase in iambic and hexameter metres in ancient and modern Greek; then one student after another gets up and reads the verses in Latin, in French, in Italian, in the Balkan languages, in English, in German, etc., and to hear this polyglot performance visitors from all the country round flock to the church, laughing loudly, with the irreverence which characterizes worship in the Orthodox Church, at each fresh linguistic effort, and criticising, if they can, the performer's pronunciation.

The principal, by name Germanos, re-

ceived us in a comfortable room when his work was over. He is a handsome, long-bearded, affable man, and willingly consented to satisfy our curiosity concerning the constitution and management of his academy. "The object of our college," he began, with somewhat of a smile, "is for the manufacture of bishops;" a somewhat harsh phrase, we thought, which requires a little explanation. He really meant that young men are educated here on theological principles that, in the first place, they may fill the posts of secretaries and subordinates in connection with episcopal work; and from amongst these the bishops are generally chosen, after they have been affiliated to some monastery and have attained a suitable age and dignity. Students at this college never become common working parish priests, but belong to that peculiarly exclusive and aristocratic class of divines who rule the Eastern Church, and afford us the curious anomaly of a religious aristocracy existing where everything else is democratic.

Joachim the Third, the patriarch of Constantinople, recognized in this system one of the chief evils in the Eastern Church, and did everything he could to break down this barrier and elevate the lower clergy. With this view he established another theological seminary in Chalki, the object of which was to give a sound education to young boys with the ultimate idea of making them parish priests, and of course the option of choosing another profession when the time came for their ordination. Prejudice, however, and the strict conservatism of the Eastern Church have nullified the good intentions of the patriarch. Most of the scholars, as they advanced in education, became ambitious, and preferred to try their chances of success in secular work to embracing a profession which offers no promotion. Many commercial institutions in Constantinople, including the Ottoman Bank, have received the pupils educated in Patriarch Joachim's seminary, and opened out to them quite a different line of life from that which was originally intended.

Germanos has ten professors under him, of whom those who teach theology must be ordained, and, inasmuch as they have only fifty pupils to divide amongst them, their work cannot be very arduous. None under the age of eighteen are admitted, nor over the age of twenty-two, and the course must be concluded at the age of twenty-five. The pupils have nothing to pay for their education here, but each

must be recommended by the patriarch in the first instance, and must produce a surety living at Constantinople; and if on attaining the age for ordination he is not willing to take the holy vows, either he or his surety must produce the sum of fifteen Turkish pounds for each year he has passed at the college. This rule does not hold good, however, in the case of those who have developed chronic or organic disease during the course of their stay, for the Eastern Church refuses to ordain any one thus afflicted.

The dress of the pupils is monastic, and has, together with certain other things, to be provided by the student on his arrival. Principal Germanos handed me a list of the requisites which each youth must bring with him; besides his cassock and his tall hat, the list requires him to bring the furniture of his cell (a table, chair, and bed), two nightcaps, four pocket-handkerchiefs, and books for his own reading, "which do not militate against piety, the Turkish government, and good-breeding."

As compared with the educational system at the commercial college the theological one is old-world and useless. The young men spend weary hours in poring over treatises on heresies, the histories of the many councils, the disputes of the Eastern and Western Churches; and very little attention is paid to the larger fields of studies in which the young merchants are brought up. They learn classical Greek, it is true, and Byzantine history; but as for lessons in higher mathematics, modern languages, and other subjects of modern improvement, they are conspicuous only by their absence in this academy.

Even at their meals these embryo bishops are not allowed to eat in peace without the relish of some dogmatic work, for it is a rule of the establishment that at their common dinner "each pupil in turn shall read in a loud voice from some ecclesiastical book, appointed by the principal." As for religious observances in the church, they are never-ending, and in Lent most of their time is spent in keeping them. Of course the many fasts inculcated by the Eastern Church are here observed with the strictest regularity, and all private eating, drinking, or smoking is forbidden—a state of affairs which, I fancy, few young men in our country between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five would tolerate. Although abstinence in nearly every form has been practised in the Eastern Church, strange to say the teetotalism has not as yet found its way there. The students at this college are given

wine at all their meals, wine made in vineyards on the mainland opposite belonging to the college; and at the autumnal vintage the principal solemnly blesses the new wine when it is safely stored in the cellars. Habitual drunkenness is almost unknown in the Levant; and if our divines would try the experiment of blessing wine instead of cursing it, perhaps more satisfactory results might be obtained.

We took leave of Germanos and descended once more to the village, where we had a little time to wait before the island-steamer passed on its return to Constantinople. It would seem as if the fever of education had well-nigh consumed Chalki and would turn it ere long into an insular Oxford, for down by the harbor the Turks have chosen to build their naval college, and here too young Moslems are educated to hold posts in the Turkish navy. Here it was that Woods Pasha lectured to the students, and tried to infuse into the youthful brains of this retrograde race some knowledge of explosives and torpedo-warfare; but now, I hear, they do not admit foreign professors, and plunge on in their own ignorance as best they may. As it was only last year that a properly equipped training-ship was provided for the college, and as the sultan, doubtless from prudential motives, has forbidden that the pupils should be instructed in the mysteries of search by electric light, it is doubtful if the young mariners of Chalki will be up to the standard of modern requirements. This college nevertheless is a very imposing building as seen from the sea; it has its own mosque and its own minaret, and moreover possesses the now historical room in which after the Crimean war the officers of the allied armies gave a ball.

J. THEODORE BENT.

From The Saturday Review.
BUDA-PESTH.

THERE is an inscription on an old bridge in Hungary to the honor and glory of the sultan who erected it, in which the caliph is styled "Emperor of Teheran, Constantinople, and Pesth." Nowadays it is difficult to carry the imagination back to the time when the Moslem hordes possessed what has become the finest capital of perhaps the most fruitful land in Europe. In everything except actual size Pesth is probably the superior to-day of either Paris or Vienna. To those who knew the

city twenty years ago the transformation is little short of magical. Amongst a network of magnificent streets the Radialstrasse runs its majestic miles from the heart of the town out to the Stadtsfeldschen, or People's Park—a very model of municipal architecture, with well-proportioned houses, each one fit for a ducal residence, lining the broad roadway for half its length. Then, as the business centres are left behind, the villas of the wealthy take their places, leading gradually out to the green grass and trees of the country. But if the Radialstrasse can claim without much hesitation the distinction of being the best-built boulevard of the nineteenth century, it is run very close in the beauty of its shops and houses by several of the secondary streets, and the new Museum Ring, now in course of construction, bids fair to outdo all its predecessors. The price of land in Pesth has risen some five hundred per cent. lately, and the restless energy of its inhabitants, urged on by their pride in the capital, opens out a prospect of further extension, at present without limits.

The universal air of prosperity and content which stamps the Magyars at home is one of the features which must strike the visitor most forcibly. To judge by the merry life of Pesth and the smiling faces of everybody one meets, it would almost seem as if an elixir of gaiety was distilled in the atmosphere. A well-known proverb tells us that the Portuguese are always gay, but to match Pesth with Lisbon one would have to allow a very liberal handicap to the latter. Even their business seems a pleasure to the people of Pesth, and is not attended with any of the usual symptoms of worry, but is despatched leisurely and comfortably in luxurious offices, or behind well-served counters, with such courtesy and politeness that the stranger cannot fail to admire the contrast between Pesth and the slovenly, slipshod ways of the countries to the East, or the distracting bustle and wear and tear of the greater Western centres. Whilst we generally make a business of pleasure, and sometimes manage to make believe to combine the two, the Magyar absolutely converts his business into an enjoyment both for himself and others. This is probably the secret of the careless, happy faces of the people, beginning from the peasants in the market-places up to the highest in social and commercial ranks. Whether the inner life corresponds to the outer show it would be impertinent to inquire. The mask, if mask it be, is too cleverly as-

sumed and too enjoyable to contemplate for us to wish to tear it off.

In many respects the Hungarian character resembles the British, especially in its love for sport and for water. The bath is a great institution in Pesth, and some of the larger establishments are quite palatial. The Bruck-Bad and the Ofen-Bad are old Turkish *hamâms*, greatly enlarged and gorgeously refitted, but with the old pillars still standing, and the original cupolas letting in the sunlight dimly through eyelets of painted glass, in colored shafts, which flicker through the steam of the hot mineral springs which feed the basins. A morning spent at Bruck is not only a fit preparation for the day after a long railway journey, but a thing to be remembered with joy forever. Besides the closed-in hot and cold baths, there are open swimming-baths on the Danube, largely patronized by the ladies, many of whom are fearless divers and swimmers; and altogether the vigor with which the population takes to the water leaves a comforting impression that at least one is surrounded by well-washed neighbors. Horse-racing is becoming as national a sport in Hungary as in England; and the race-course outside the town is always in capital order, in spite of the difficulties in keeping the ground soft enough. The riders are all English—as are the few bookmakers in the ring. Most of the betting, however, is carried on through the *Pari-Mutuel*, which is managed with the utmost regularity and precision. The enthusiasm over a close finish or at the victory of a popular favorite almost takes one back to the Yorkshire moor. The return home when the day is over is the people's opportunity, and for miles the road is lined with those whose occupations have prevented them from being on the course. There is little of our Derby-day dust, and none of its drunkenness or rowdiness; but the drags and pretty costumes are there, and the long parade is well worth seeing.

The *Stadtsfeldschen* is an incalculable boon to the people of Pesth—a sort of Kensington Gardens, where, however, all sorts of amusements are provided, and a perpetual fair goes on all summer time. First, there is a switchback railway, much patronized by country cousins, but despised of the townfolk. Of course we have the usual shooting-galleries and merry-go-rounds, photographs on tin for sixpence, the king of the Cannibal Islands, the fat man, and *hoc genus omne*. Furthermore, a large circus—reserved seats

a franc—and anybody who likes can look on from outside without paying at all, unless his spirit is moved by the periodical visit of the clown or the leading lady with the hat. Those who do not care for these excitements sprawl about under the trees, and the grass is literally covered with picnic parties, children, nursemaids, and their followers. In the evening gipsy stringed bands are always playing at the principal hotels and restaurants; and, though the Hungarian music has a great sameness and disagreeable jerkiness about it to the uninitiated, it is a source of never-failing delight, rising to frantic enthusiasm at times, to those of whom it is understood. There is also a little gem of an Opera House, where the performance has to be good to please the critics; a German theatre, always in possession of an excellent troupe; and numberless minor entertainments, the most popular of which is the Orpheum, much resembling "the Oxford." Here there is generally to be found a sprinkling of English artistes, one or two French, and the latest wonders of the nondescript stage, such as the man-serpent, the Japanese jugglers, the champion unicycle rider, and similar first-class performers. The Orpheum is lit with electric light, and both the accommodation and the company are good. In fact, there is no kind of public amusement, either indoor or outdoor, to which a daughter might not take her mother in Pesth; for, though the ladies of Hungary enjoy, or at least possess, a world-wide reputation for the lightness and grace with which they toss their caps over the mills, the behavior of all classes in the streets and every-day resorts of the capital is a model of decency.

Beyond their practical arrangements for best solving the problem of how to make life best worth living, the inhabitants of Pesth have not much to offer to the visiting sightseer. He must content himself with the ever-changing panorama along the stately quays, the mighty roll of the Danube under its three great bridges, the busy hurrying of the steamers on the river, and the well-dressed crowds on land, the pretty drives, and the fashionable consumption of ices at Kügler's, and beer at the *Ungaria* or *Queen of England*. The guide-books will tell him the stock programme of what he must see, in order properly "to do" Pesth; but the real interest of the place is the growth of a new people in a new city, and its chief attraction is the care which is taken to well grease the rails along which the hours slip smoothly away. The National Gallery of

pictures is, however, one of the shows not to be missed. There are one or two Rembrandts, and an excellent portrait by Godfrey Kneller. The Spanish school is well represented, and, altogether, an hour or two may be profitably and pleasantly spent in the galleries. A trip up the Danube to the Margaretteninsel will also repay the stranger. This delightful little eyot is thickly wooded down to the water's edge with wild-growing forest trees, whilst the centre is laid out in spacious lawns and flower-beds like the grounds of an English country-house. Nominally it is "a bath;" but, since taking the baths has nowadays become little more than an excuse for change of air and scene and meeting new people, the Margaret Baths are not very largely favored by the citizens, who, as far as comfort and the quality of the springs are concerned, might, and do, go much further from home and fare worse. On the days when the best military bands played there, though, the steamers are crowded, and if the colossal bathing establishment does not net its fair share of profits, the hotels and the cafés drive a compensating trade.

The last effort of the Magyars to attract visitors to their capital has been the establishment of the famous Zone Tariff on their railways. Taking Pesth as a centre, the system is divided into thirteen zones, with a uniform charge between each, irrespective of distance. The general effect is a reduction of about twenty-five per cent., and at present the maximum first-class fare from any part of the dominions to headquarters is eight florins. The scheme was vehemently attacked and characterized as absurd; but as far as the experiment has gone it has proved a success, even on the railways, without taking into account the attainment of the main object, an enormously increased swarm of spending travellers. The audacity of the plan is only another proof of the progressive energy of the government and of their steady purpose to push Pesth more into public notice, and to enable it to take a leading position amongst the great capitals. The city is somewhat unfavorably situated on the main Oriental route from coming so soon after Vienna. The tourist who stops at all between London and Constantinople generally confines himself to a day or two at Paris and Vienna, going straight through Pesth, Belgrade, and Sofia, unless curiosity prompts him to halt a few hours to see with his own eyes the atrocious Bulgarian or the recalcitrant Serb. Not one in a hundred ever dreams of breaking the journey at Pesth, which is

usually considered as a kind of second-rate Vienna. This is a mistake which, once found out, is seldom repeated. The pity is that life, especially a traveller's life, is made up of mistakes.

From The Woman's World.

THE LIFE OF A GIRTON STUDENT.

AN early breakfast, served from eight to nine (some industrious students begin their day with a private breakfast at five or six, and only partake of the college meal as an after-thought), is followed by a morning devoted almost without exception to private study, or to attendance at lectures given in college by the resident lecturers, or at the numerous courses in Cambridge now thrown open to women. The early hours of the afternoon, which by common agreement of the students are considered "noise-hours," are usually given to recreation; tennis being the most popular form of outdoor amusement, and pianos, with an occasional fiddle, having full swing indoors. After luncheon coffee-parties are also a common occurrence, the entertainment being of the most informal description, while the hostess seldom scruples to dismiss her guests or leave them to entertain themselves if she has work or lectures on hand. From three until six o'clock dinner silence reigns again in the college. Many classical and mathematical lectures are given at this time by Cambridge lecturers, who come out to the college for the purpose, and the students who have not lectures usually, though not so universally as in the morning, devote a part or the whole of these hours to private study. After dinner again informal coffee or tea parties are frequent, and friends generally meet in a haphazard kind of way which perhaps may be best described as "loafing" into each other's rooms. In the May term this "loafing" takes place round the grounds, and an interesting study of shawls might be made from the windows overlooking the lawn and tennis courts. The formal social duty of calling on freshers is performed in this after-dinner hour, most of the college business is transacted, meetings are held, and subscriptions to the various societies paid. In the May term it is the favorite hour for tennis, and in all three terms the fire-brigade has a fortnightly practice immediately after "Hall" (some of the poorer specimens of Girtonians think this a little severe, as the practice often includes a double-quick march from end to end of

the long corridors; but the officers are inexorable, and catalogue all who brave their scorn and fight shy of the brigade as "ill or lazy"). From half past seven to nine are "silence-hours" again, and then, or later in the evening, an hour or two's work is commonly done — freshers with "little-go" on the brain are reported to get in four or five before retiring for the night, but they generally learn in a term or two that it does not pay.

Nine P.M. is the orthodox hour for knocking off work and for the more elaborate forms of social intercourse, club-meetings, occasional dances, small debates, and so forth — above all for the regulation formal tea-party. There are certain points about this entertainment peculiar to college-life, if not to Girton, notably the fact that the guests bring, not their own mugs merely, but a whole trayful of refreshments. The college custom is to send to all the rooms a tray, with a roll and butter and the materials for whatever beverage — tea, coffee, cocoa, or plain milk — is preferred by each student, and this custom greatly facilitates the discharge of the social duty. For it is understood that when a student gives a nine-o'clock tea-party all the guests take their own trays, the hostess providing only the hot water and such luxuries as cake and jam. Thus at nine P.M. in all the corridors is presented the striking spectacle of students hurrying in all directions — sharp corners are very dangerous at this time — to their respective entertainments, balancing trays in one hand, and in the other — unless they are such old hands as to know the college blindfold and avoid all pitfalls of boots, water-cans, and unexpected angles — carrying candles in case the festivities should outlast the college lights. It is at these parties that new students are first initiated into college society, and so strong is our instinct of hospitality that the "freshman" must be of a remarkably gregarious disposition who does not find tea-parties, which she experiences in their most formal tedious aspect, grow decidedly monotonous after a few weeks.

The writer of the article is not altogether happy about the scope and quality of the conversation at Girton. Of course (she says) there is a certain variety in the general conversation of nearly a hundred students; now and again one will chance at dinner upon a clever talker who will lead the conversation and breathe something of her life into her neighbors, while the other end of the table may be kept at its lowest level by a college gossip. But after all allowances for diversity of taste

and character have been made, there remain certain features characteristic of Girton conversation, which are significant both in their connection with the conditions of college life as they are at present for women, and as showing how small a part the pleasures of intellectual intercourse play in attracting and chaining our affections. Of these features, the most obvious is the constant tendency to lapse into "shop," and the equally constant lamentations over this tendency. So when, as events proved, the effect of bringing together a number of women with no common domestic interests, with no ties of kinship, and with few if any mutual friends, and of substituting for these the interests of lectures, study, and examinations, was, as regards conversation, the exchange of small society talk for equally small talk about lectures and lecturers, or with those whose study is all-engrossing, for discussion of special points and problems intelligible only to the initiated; when, in short, it was seen that small domestic and society small talk was only abandoned for small "shop," then the righteous indignation of all rose against their fellows — classical shop was condemned by the moral sciences, moral science shop by mathematics, and so through the whole circle, little-go shop above all scorned and abused. For serious evils stringent remedies, and the remedy attempted has been the discrediting of all talk in any way relating to the subjects studied in the university course, the tabooing — in theory, at any rate — of all "shop." Nevertheless, the effect is not altogether good, either as regards study or conversation.

A woman very often realizes at college for the first time that she is a unit in any community larger than her own family circle or social "set," and for the first time takes a recognized place and has definite duties to perform in such a community. The satisfaction with which the humblest college offices are accepted at Girton is almost incredible. The carriers of chairs for debates, the bearer of the rattle at a fire alarm, still more, the "subs" who clean the engines, have arduous and unpleasant tasks; nor is there any general recognition of their services which could gratify a thirst for power or importance — yet it is all in the service of the beloved college, and is therefore done with alacrity and even pride. And up to the very threshold of the tripos college business continues to be transacted without a murmur by all students, save the few who devote their whole talent and energy to the pursuit of place.

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